THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 170 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • FEBRUARY 25, 1950 NUMBER 8

The Shape of Things

THE EFFORTS OF WESTERN NEWSPAPERS AND officials to discount the value of the treaty brought back from Moscow by Mao Tse-tung and his associates are unconvincing. Taken at face value the treaty is a rather good one, good enough at least to dispel the popular notion that China would have to sign away its chief Yellow Sea ports, concede large areas in the north, accept Russian technical and political "advisers" in the army and police, and in general assume a status something like that of Rumania or Bulgaria. Instead of this the Chinese gain certain definite if qualified advantages. The treaty links China and Russia in a thirty-year alliance which commits both parties to a common adherence to the cause of "universal peace" and at the same time to mutual aid in case of aggression by Japan or by "any other state directly or indirectly associated" with Japan. Its political terms restore the control of Manchuria to China through Russian withdrawal from Port Arthur and Dairen and the return of the Chanchun railway, both to be effected "immediately after the conclusion of the peace treaty with Japan, but not later than the end of 1952." These rights, ceded to Moscow at Yalta, were incorporated in the 1945 treaty with Chiang Kai-shek which the new pact replaces. The economic agreement provides for a credit to China of $300,000,000 at 1 per cent interest to be granted in equal parts annually over five years. This sum will be used for the purchase of industrial equipment in Russia, particularly for mining, power stations, and railways, and both interest and capital are to be repaid in ten annual instalments in the form of "raw materials, tea, gold, and American dollars."

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ONE CAN AGREE THAT THE 1952 DEADLINE for the return of the ports and railway in Manchuria gives Russia leeway to arrange further delays, as Secretary Acheson pointed out. One can agree, too, that $60,000,000 a year is not much money for a country the size of China worn to the bone by a dozen years of war. But for China to receive less than it probably asked is quite different from losing vital national assets, together with its independence; and that is what Mr. Acheson and other officials, including of course the Chinese Nationalist leaders, apparently expected. Faced with the facts set forth in the treaty, they took refuge in assertions that "secret protocols" conceal the actual concessions forced out of the Chinese leaders at Moscow. Perhaps such agreements exist. If they do, and if they spell Chinese servitude to Moscow, events will presently make the facts known. But until that happens, it seems to us that Mr. Acheson would do well to refrain from public prophecies. For the moment the Chinese are offered an alliance which appears to protect them against their long-time enemy, restore valuable rights, and provide badly needed equipment. In such circumstances warnings of troubles ahead are not apt to be taken very kindly or very seriously, especially coming from the man whose official position makes him appear responsible for the American policy of doling out dollars, guns, and bombing planes to Chiang Kai-shek.

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COLD WARS IN THE CARIBBEAN CAN BE AS vitriolic as those between the big nations of the world and twice as fatuous in their techniques of propaganda. But being subject to the intervention of an international body that means business, they are far more readily ended, and in this lies an obvious moral which practically nobody will bother about. For several years an all-but-imaginary "Caribbean Legion" has served various Central American dictators as a convenient bogy for use in consolidating their political and military power. Actually, the Legion myth grew out of the existence of hundreds of political "D.P.'s"—men banished from this country or that in successive revolutions. For the most part these dissidents roamed the Caribbean littoral hunting jobs and taking every opportunity publicly and privately to damn the respective dictators who had been the cause of their banishment. The only occasion on which they banded together in anything resembling an organized force occurred in 1947, when a quixotic crew of Dominican exiles in Cuba threw together a patchwork armada intended to liberate their native land from the tyrannical grip of President Trujillo. A little pressure on Cuba from Washington put an end to that project, and while other foot-loose exiles have engaged from time to time in minor adventures, such as the Figueres crusade in Costa Rica, their activities have been uncoordinated and unimportant. Nevertheless, Trujillo last December used the legend of the Caribbean Legion to obtain authorization for declaring

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• IN THIS ISSUE •

EDITORIALS

The Shape of Things 165
Churchill's Démarche 168
Pity the Poor Elephant 169

ARTICLES

Whither France? *by Alexander Werth* 170
Looking Backward 170
The First Fifty Years *by Harold J. Laski* 171
Burmese Crazy Quilt *by Andrew Roth* 175
Rats Among the Palm Trees *by Charles Abrams* 177

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Russian Literature: The Great Century *by Isaiah Berlin* 180
Armor's Undermining Modesty. *A Poem by Marianne Moore* 181
Japan and the West *by Nathaniel Peffer* 183
The Double View *by Ernest Jones* 184
Clay in Germany *by Edwin Hartrich* 186
The Crocean Philosophy *by Charles S. Singleton* 188
Even a Worm . . . *by Joseph Wood Krutch* 189
The World's Health *by Michael M. Davis* 189
Pêguy's Joan of Arc *by René Blanc-Roos* 190
Books in Brief 190
Records *by B. H. Haggin* 191

CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 351 *by Frank W. Lewis* 192

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 192

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The Nation, published weekly and copyright, 1949, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 20 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Advertising and Circulation Representative for Continental Europe: Publicitas.
Subscription Prices: Domestic—One year $7; Two years $12; Three years $17. Additional postage per year; Foreign and Canadian $1.
Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.
Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

war at any time against any nation he deemed to be harboring enemies of his country, a law that gave him permanent war-time powers. The Organization of American States promptly sent down a five-nation commission from Washington, and Secretary of State Acheson added his personal condemnation of the law, which threatened to keep Central America in a constant turmoil. Last week Trujillo asked his Congress to repeal the law unconditionally. The threat vanishes and cold war yields to collective pressure. Would that the U. N. had the same powers of persuasion.

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THE "LEASE-BACK" ARRANGEMENTS UNDER which American colleges and universities have been abusing their tax-exempt status to the direct and serious detriment of many businesses have been described in *The Nation* several times in recent years. For over a decade now many corporations have been deeding valuable properties to educational institutions and then taking long-term leases on these properties for sums less than the taxes formerly paid. Others have evaded the 38 per cent corporation tax by having the business nominally operated by the college. A committee of the Association of American Colleges has just completed a survey which shows that 445 colleges and universities now carry on projects of various types beyond their campuses, including farms, stores, cattle ranches, orange groves, and lumber mills. It is estimated that these non-educational enterprises represent an investment of between $300,000,000 and $400,000,000. Patently the tax loss is enormous. In presenting the report to the association Harold E. Stassen declared that the practice can become a serious problem if it is not corrected and suggested that the colleges and universities adopt a "code of investment." That the problem is already serious would immediately be clear if a study were made of the similar abuse of tax-exempt status by charitable and religious institutions. Modern tax experts seem to have forgotten the history of mortmain.

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FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO THIS COUNTRY'S 160 medical schools had an enrolment of 26,147 students and a graduating class of 5,606. Last year 79 American medical schools, with a student body of 23,670, graduated 5,094 students. In 1949 about 25,000 students applied for admission to medical schools, but only 6,387 were accepted; 12,900 students sought to enter dental schools, but only 2,794 found places. Although the population of the United States has nearly doubled in the last fifty years, the total number of medical students has actually decreased. The explanation of this ominously regressive trend is to be found in the fact that the colleges and universities have

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lost control over the medical and dental schools in the matter of admission policies. Nowadays the Association of Medical Colleges and the American Medical Association really determine the general and also the special "quotas." Limitation of the number of Jewish and Negro students is merely one aspect of a policy of restriction of scientific training. The consequences, of course, are curtailment of opportunities, the creation of "vested interests" in professional status apart from knowledge or ability, the loss of autonomy by colleges and universities, and a disregard of social needs that can seriously endanger the health of the nation.

*

SENATOR McCARTHY OF WISCONSIN, LIKE Ko-ko in "The Mikado," has got a little list. He has been going around the country telling audiences that he knows of fifty-seven card-holding Communists in the State Department, but apparently he intends to hug the precious list to his bosom. He won't give the names to department security officials, though they have publicly and privately demanded them. And he won't give them to the FBI. In fact, he won't do anything with them but drop one here and one there, like a mountebank leading on the suckers at a country carnival. So far, he has identified four of the dangerous fifty-seven. Of these, one resigned from the auxiliary foreign service in 1946 with a record of extreme antipathy toward Communists in his three years of service. A second left also in 1946 after a mere three months in the department, having come in when the Foreign Economic Administration was absorbed for liquidation purposes. The third was never in the department at all but had served merely as an American delegate to a UNESCO conference. The fourth, the only one still in the department, was cleared by a grand jury in 1945 and has since undergone periodic checks. None of them, presumably, were ever shown to have been Communists. These samples make it clear why the Senator is not eager to reveal any more names. As long as he can keep facts out of the picture he can make political capital, but once he acts in the open he is in the position of the late Jimmy Walker when that waggish politician complained to a friend, "Another good story ruined by eyewitnesses."

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AFTER MORE THAN FOUR YEARS OF EFFORT, it seems likely that Congress will soon approve a bill to set up a national science foundation. Establishment of the foundation, however, will come less as a climax to the fight waged by scientists on its behalf than as another successful maneuver by Southern Congressmen in their campaign to delay debate on fair-employment legislation. Moreover, the foundation act will probably include a clause requiring a loyalty oath of scientists receiving foundation funds, a provision which will rob the act of its value. During the first session of the present Congress a similar measure was passed by the Senate—for the fourth time—and was reported favorably by the House committee in charge. But it was denied a place on the House calendar by the Rules Committee through the influence of Republican Representative Wadsworth of New York, who opposed the foundation in the name of economy, and the patent lobby, which sees every extension of federal scientific activity as a threat to industrial patent monopolies. The Senate's version of the bill has no loyalty-oath clause. This was added by the House committee as an aftermath to Senator Hickenlooper's tilt with the Atomic Energy Commission. Scientists generally are opposed to the oath, and any science foundation which demands such an abjuration from its members will inevitably meet the same fate that overtook the A. E. C. fellowship program, which has been abandoned for lack of candidates since Congress added a political initiation test to the list of requirements.

*

EVEN IN THIS ERA OF LOYALTY OATHS, when no man can be a village dog-catcher without swearing that he never dipped into "Das Kapital," the United States navy goes too far for the average American stomach. In recruiting for its Reserve Officers Training Corps, this arm of the service is not satisfied with a declaration that the student applicant never belonged to an organization on the Attorney General's "subversive" list. The potential recruit must also state whether he has attended meetings of any such group and, if so, list the names and addresses of other persons attending. He has no way of knowing whether these persons have, like himself, applied for R. O. T. C. or whether they attended the meetings only as observers, hostile or otherwise. All he knows is that to have his own application cleared, to become a reserve officer in the proud American navy in spite of a youthful slip, he must play the stool pigeon and the spy. Charles M. La Follette, national director of Americans for Democratic Action, which uncovered this noxious practice, made a forcible point in protesting to Defense Secretary Louis Johnson. The requirement, he said, should be considered "in connection with the news from Berlin that the Russians in East Germany have set up a new Red Gestapo under which, as reported by the press, 'youth will be encouraged to become a gigantic internal spy ring, just as the Hitler Jugend was taught to tattle even on parents.' "

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RELATIONS BETWEEN MAO TSE-TUNG'S government and China's half-million Christians have taken a turn for the better. Up to the summer of 1948 Manchuria's Christian schools were being liquidated,

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and some Christian ministers in North China were imprisoned or killed. But for the past eighteen months there have been no verified killings. Christians are carrying on their usual activities in Communist-occupied cities. Arnold Vaught, Church World Service's secretary for Asia, reports that the government has expressed its appreciation of the work of this combined Protestant and Orthodox relief organization, and liaison agencies between the Christian churches and the Communist government are being formed. This shift in policy is probably due to Mao's recognition that although Chinese Christians are few in number, they constitute a trained elite whose services he must utilize if he is to raise the standard of living. Every year the thirteen Christian colleges feed hundreds of specialists and technicians into the Chinese economy. They offer training in science, medicine, engineering, commerce, agriculture, rural reconstruction, and public affairs. The Christian hospitals and dispensaries provide one-half of China's medical services. Christian teachers serve on the government's Commission on Higher Education. Five Christian college graduates and two Buddhists were chosen to draft the constitution. One of the Christians was Dr. Wu Yi-fang, president of Ginling College and the first woman to sign the United Nations Charter. As a result of Mao's liberalized attitude prominent Chinese Christians are showing considerable enthusiasm for the new regime.

Churchill's Demarche

WINSTON CHURCHILL has done as much as any man this side of the iron curtain to excite that Russian hostility to the West which is compounded of ideological antagonism and the age-old suspicions of a culturally isolated people. From his active championship of intervention in the early days of the revolution to his famous Fulton speech, which did so much to set the pattern of the cold war, he has been the recognized leader of the anti-Communist crusade. Hence it will be one of the most ironical events in history if he is returned to power largely on the strength of his advocacy of a new effort to reach agreement with the Soviet Union on the atomic bomb.

Up to February 14, when Churchill in a speech at Edinburgh threw out the "idea of another talk with Soviet Russia on the highest level," Britain's electoral battle had been proceeding in ding-dong fashion with the odds on Labor. The Tory leader's eloquent denunciations of socialism appeared to be cutting little ice, and his chances were not improved by fears of a new war aroused by President Truman's decision on the hydrogen bomb. Tory headquarters, in fact, were complaining of a "whispering campaign" intended to diffuse the notion that Churchill was essentially a man of war whose return to office would enhance the danger of conflict.

The desire of the Labor government to keep foreign affairs out of the campaign and the tendency of its spokesmen to echo the negativism of Secretary of State Acheson gave Churchill an opportunity to turn the tables. This he has brilliantly exploited while avoiding definite commitments which might embarrass him were he returned to Downing Street. When he spoke at Edinburgh of "a supreme effort to bridge the gulf between the two worlds, so that each can live their life, if not in friendship, at least without the hatreds and maneuvers of the cold war," he undoubtedly struck a responsive chord in millions of his fellow-countrymen. For ordinary Britons, like ordinary Americans, however much they may detest the ideas and methods of Soviet communism, are not prepared to accept the defeatist argument that nothing can be done except keep ahead in the race for bigger and more horrible weapons.

Churchill's statement, therefore, put the Labor government on the defensive. Still in a position of responsibility for the conduct of foreign affairs, Messrs. Attlee and Bevin could not launch a démarche from the platform as their adversary had done. Moreover, it was not easy for them to advocate policies which would appear to contradict those of Washington. Hence both sought to smother the awkward issue. "This is not a problem which can be solved by any stunt proposals," growled Bevin, adding that in the matter of the atomic bomb Britain could not act alone and that Mr. Acheson had ruled out any fresh approach to Russia in the immediate future. Prime Minister Attlee asserted that while he was always ready to discuss every issue with Russia, the question of atomic warfare rested at present with the United Nations.

These statements provided fresh openings for Mr. Churchill which he could not fail to use. In his final broadcast of the campaign he returned to the subject with a series of rhetorical questions that helped further to dramatize the issue, even if they left completely unclear the basis on which, in his opinion, an agreement with Russia might be achieved. "Why should it be wrong," he asked, "for the British nation to think about the supreme questions of life and death, perhaps for the whole world, at a time when there is a general election? What a reflection it would be upon our national dignity and moral elevation . . . if at . . . this turning point in world history we found nothing to talk about but material issues. . . . The only time that the people really have a chance to influence and decide events is at a general election. . . . Why should they be told that it is a 'stunt' or 'soap-box diplomacy' to speak to them of the great world issues upon which our survival and salvation may well depend?"

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Putting it at its lowest, this is electioneering in the grand manner, and the Tories believe it will sway enough of the wavering independents, on whose votes the issue of the election depends, to insure their victory. Yet Churchill still seems miscast in the role of peace-maker and the politically sophisticated British, while applauding him for pushing the Russian question into the limelight, may well decide that there will be less likelihood of atomic explosions if he remains in retirement.

Pity the Poor Elephant

FATE dealt a full measure of troubles to Abraham Lincoln, but it spared him at least the dismal experience of hearing Lincoln Day oratory. The outpouring this year was of the customary low quality, but there was more than the usual strain in the effort to link current Republican policy with the philosophy of the Emancipator. This was necessarily so in view of the party chiefs' unashamed retreat from their one avowed principle that stemmed directly from the greatest of Republican Presidents, that is, racial justice. It is a measure of the steep descent the G. O. P. has made since Lincoln's time that a prominent Republican Senator should openly propose a permanent working alliance with the Dixiecrat remants of the Confederacy, the bond being the very toryism that Lincoln scorned and common schemes to circumvent the emancipation he proclaimed.

It was left to Senator Taft, who enjoys an exaggerated reputation as a conservative of integrity and intelligence, to attempt the most far-fetched of all the fabricated ties to Lincoln. The party's current battle-cry, "Liberty versus Socialism," he declared, is as momentous today as Lincoln's Civil War slogan "Save the Union." The liberty Taft has in mind is the liberty of business men to carry on as they see fit, unhampered by government, and the liberty of labor to worry along as best it can: "If you don't worry, you don't work." And the socialism he has in mind is the socialism of the post office. Government control would stifle industry, and there would not be "a new idea in one hundred years," he warns. "We have found that out in our postal system." So, back to the pony express!

Taft appears to believe that this appallingly negative platform will assure his return to the Senate in the fall. In truth he is banking on the failure of the Democrats so far to get together on a candidate to oppose him and perhaps on the rumor that the President would be pleased if he won. The theory is that his victory this fall would make him the likeliest Republican nominee for the Presidency in 1952, and the Democrats would far rather have him to oppose than Eisenhower.

But in many another state the Republicans are in desperate straits as they approach the Congressional elections, and they see no future at all in the "pony express" approach. Thomas E. Dewey's view is that the Republicans can expect to "lose every election" if they insist on making themselves the "conservative-to-reactionary party." Senators Lodge and Ives have been even stronger in their choice of language. To them the "interim platform" drawn up by the party chieftains is "reactionary" and "weasel-worded." Ives in particular went out of his way to cite Lincoln's receptiveness to new ideas. So panicky are New York Republicans over the arid prospects afforded by the "liberty versus socialism" campaign that a strong movement is on foot to dissociate the state organization from the platform altogether.

In Pennsylvania the G. O. P. is split wide open, with every promise of a free-for-all between the forces of Governor Duff and the primitive Old Guard machine of Joseph R. Grundy. The Grundyites, blatantly using the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association as their headquarters, are so determined to prevent Duff from going to the Senate that they would leave the seat to the incumbent Democrat, Senator Myers, rather than give a hand to the man who "double-crossed" them in Harrisburg by promoting a mild program of social intelligence. Their chief concern, in any case, is to save the patronage of the governorship from the hands of Richardson Dilworth, whose local success in Philadelphia last fall has made him the likeliest Democratic nominee for Governor.

Similar blasts at the fundamentalists who are now in the G. O. P. saddle have come from Republican leaders like Harold Stassen and Governor Driscoll. These "rebels" understand that without a shot of some wonder drug the elephant will soon pass out of the picture. But when they come to prescribe, a great vagueness sets in, begotten of their disinclination to go along with any of the specific aspects of the Administration program.

This is in essence the dilemma of the Republican "liberals" here, as it is of the more enlightened Tories in Britain. They know that the days of the pony express are gone, but they cannot move to the left without finding themselves on the same ground as their opponents. Hence the hedging, the vagueness, the semi-approval, and the plea that they would do the same things, only better. In effect this is a concession that neither the right nor the left has much appeal in the United States today, that what Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has called the "vital center" is what the electorate wants, and that the present Administration stands squarely on that vital center. Unless it moves as far to the left as the Republicans say it has, neither faction of the G. O. P. can look for political relief. In these circumstances their cries of "socialism" can be expected to bore the country indefinitely, the wish being, as always, father to the thought.

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Whither France?

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, February 15

THE "Third Force" era in France seems to have ended. As to what is to take its place, already De Gaulle has started popping up all over the place and announcing that France must choose between him and the Communists. Last Tuesday's debate at the National Assembly, when Bidault first appeared there with his patched-up Cabinet, was most revealing. The promise given by Blum—entirely on his own, it now appears—that the Socialists would continue to support the Bidault government was not kept when it came to the point. The Socialists merely abstained, their spokesman saying that this was the only "logical" course for them to take. He added, however, that he did not wish to be "too categorical" about the Socialists' future attitude. The proposal to support Bidault, one now learns, had been turned down in the Socialist parliamentary committee by sixteen votes to fourteen. Since then Guy Mollet has announced that the Socialists will support Bidault again only on condition he gives sufficient attention to "social justice": real wages today are no more than half what they were before the war, and the maldistribution of wealth in post-war France is becoming worse.

The "classical" right, represented by M. Reynaud, proposed the creation of a "National Union" government and offered Bidault their "cooperation"—on their own terms of course. Reynaud went out of his way to warn Bidault against increasing wages unduly, since French costs were already higher than German costs and France was being squeezed out of export markets. M. Michelet, on behalf of De Gaulle, offered Bidault "his loyal hand" and hinted at the need of a drastic electoral reform to be followed by early elections.

Whatever M. Bidault's personal attitude, there is no doubt that a substantial part of the M. R. P., associated with the Catholic Trade Unions, is pro-Socialist and opposed to eating out of either Reynaud's or De Gaulle's hand. Much more ambiguous is the attitude of M. Bidault's allies, the Radicals, who represent in the main the *petite bourgeoisie* of provincial France and are hostile to the working class at heart. The abolition of proportional representation, advocated by them, would be against the interests of the M. R. P., which, in the phrase of M. Duclos, "they want to cuckold."

"Seldom," M. Bidault said, "has a government had so much trouble in so short a time." The Revers-Mast, or rather the Peyre–Van Co, scandal concerning the disposition of confidential reports on Indo-China is taking on alarming proportions, and serious "irregularities"—to put it mildly—are alleged to have been committed by M. Ramadier, the former Premier and War Minister. It is known that certain documents were burned, and that Van Co paid large sums to some newspapers, presumably for printing Bao Dai propaganda. For different reasons the *affaire* is being mercilessly exploited by both Gaullists and Communists. The Communists, significantly, no longer demand negotiations with Ho Chi Minh but a plain French withdrawal from Viet Nam. There is also trouble nearer home. One right-wing deputy, in alarmed tones, drew M. Bidault's attention to the encouraging message sent the Algerian separatists by Nahas Pasha, the Egyptian Premier.

Whither France? With its present lack of support in Parliament—Socialists, the right, and even some Radicals, including Daladier, abstaining—the present Bidault "formula" cannot last long. Will the Socialists, to save the Third Force, come to the rescue? Or will Bidault throw in his lot with the right? The hatred between Socialists and Communists, especially on the part of their leaders, is such that a Popular Front government is out of the question, but so is the formation of a "solid democratic left without the Communists," as advocated by *Franc-Tireur*. As long as social injustice continues in France, the bulk of the French working class will remain extremist.

One thing is certain. A Tory victory in Britain would immensely increase De Gaulle's chances.

LOOKING BACKWARD

Twenty-five Years Ago in "The Nation"

FOR seventeen days the eyes of the nation were turned toward the Kentucky sand-cave where Floyd Collins lay trapped by a falling rock. Ten thousand people came on a Sunday to watch the rock-drills bore down through the limestone; millions picked up their newspapers day after day eagerly hoping to read of rescue. For two weeks the "story" held first place in the newspapers, just as the tale of the Eskimo dogs racing, serum-laden, for diptheria-stricken Nome had held the place of honor for a week before. Yet, after all, Floyd Collins was only one man, and our coal mines kill, on an average, 2,500 miners every year—seven a day. In the midst of the Collins excitement a German accident made its way to a lesser position on the front page—130 miners were caught and killed in a Dortmund mine. And as for diptheria, more children die of it in New York City every week, having failed to use serum, than died in the whole Nome epidemic. We are slaves of drama. The everyday tragedies of life pass unnoticed—one Kentuckian pinned under a rock while his pals struggle to free him is more interesting than fifty frightened "hunkies" or "dagoes" dying like trapped animals as the afterdamp of a coal-dust explosion seeps through the diggings.—*February 25, 1925.*

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The First Fifty Years

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, February 13

THE British Labor Party was born on February 27, 1900, in the Memorial Hall, Farmington Street, London, at a conference summoned by the Trades Union Congress of the previous year. Some of its members were notable men—Keir Hardie, Ramsay MacDonald, Bernard Shaw, Will Thorne, J. R. Clynes. Most of them were not Socialists, and the unions from which they came would not have joined the new party then formed if it had been given that complexion. Some of them were Tories, others were devoted followers of Gladstone, a few did not see that trade unions had political interests of any kind. But the Socialist group in the conference, led by Keir Hardie, knew what they wanted, were shrewd enough to realize the virtue of waiting, and, though from different groups, acted with a persuasive unity. An executive committee was set up, and Ramsay MacDonald, already widely known as a journalist of competence and a rhetorician with a voice like music, was chosen secretary without salary. Organizations could affiliate to the new party and nominate parliamentary candidates under its auspices; they must agree to abide by the decisions of the new party where working-class interests were involved but were free on other matters. The Labor Representation Committee had no doctrine; it was thoroughly respectable; and its income in its first year of life was just over two hundred pounds. Obviously, it had little to lose; perhaps it might have a world to win.

The Labor Party hardly began auspiciously. In the "khaki" election of 1900 it sponsored fifteen candidates, of whom Keir Hardie alone was successful; the noise of the guns in South Africa drowned, even in trade-union ears, the harsh verdict of the Court of Appeal in the famous Taff Vale case, in which the judges hoped they had found a way to jeopardize the very existence of trade unions. But in the next four years the party won four by-elections, in one of which Arthur Henderson, who was to become its greatest organizer as well as the outstanding British Foreign Secretary of modern times, was sent to Parliament. At the general election of 1906 it profited from the great shift of British opinion to the left. Twenty-nine of its members were returned, including men like MacDonald, Clynes, Snowden, and Will Thorne, all of whom were to be great figures in its history for a generation or more; it could, moreover, usually count upon the support of twenty-five other trade-union members elected as Liberals. Arthur Balfour, the defeated Prime Minister, said at once that the Labor Party victories marked a new era in the history of Great Britain.

In the Parliament of 1906 the Labor Party did two things. It secured from the Liberal government the repeal by statute of the Taff Vale decision, which the House of Lords had upheld in 1901, and it gave national standing in the Commons not only to Keir Hardie but to MacDonald, Snowden, Clynes, and Henderson. Its policy was not very original—it accepted most of the doctrine and measures of the Liberal government. It did, indeed, take a firm stand for peace, and it was suspicious of the foreign policy of Sir Edward Grey. Socialist ideas were swiftly permeating the rank and file of its supporters, though a careful analysis of the attitude of MacDonald and Snowden would have shown that if they wore red ties, their shirts were the product of a Liberal factory. The Labor members, with occasional exceptions, did not really do much more than emphasize Liberal measures. Now and again, especially in the epoch of great strikes in 1911-12, when Winston Churchill first showed his natural attitude to trade unions by sending troops to shoot down striking miners in Tonypandy, South Wales, there was a vigorous outburst from a handful of members in which there was a recognizably Socialist note; and Keir Hardie, Snowden, and MacDonald, all protested vigorously against repression in India and Egypt. But it is on the whole true to say that up to 1914 most Labor M. P.'s could be described as Liberals emphasizing with 15 per cent more urgency the need to grapple with working-class questions.

THE great turning point in the history of the Labor Party was the war of 1914. The larger part of the membership accepted it on the ground that German militarism was a threat to democracy, and of these Arthur Henderson was the chief; others opposed it, like Keir Hardie and Philip Snowden, either on pacifist grounds or because they thought it, in essence, an imperialist war. MacDonald took a somewhat ambiguous attitude: he criticized the policy of making war but wrote letters supporting the recruiting effort. The great achievement of Arthur Henderson, who had become the general secretary of the party, was that he maintained its

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unity, even though the two major groups were in fierce conflict. Partly through his influence the party, by a majority, decided to enter the first coalition government in 1915; and when in December, 1916, Lloyd George replaced Asquith as Premier, Henderson became the Labor member of the War Cabinet. But he did not remain there long. In February, 1917, the Russian Revolution began, and its complexities made the War Cabinet decide to send Henderson to Moscow to report upon the vast issues to which it gave rise. He returned convinced not only that the revolution must be safeguarded but also that all European Socialists should meet to see whether some common formula of peace could not be found. But Lloyd George and his other colleagues were insistent on unconditional surrender and emphatic that the Russian withdrawal from the war was a betrayal. After a decisive quarrel Henderson resigned—though with the party's approval other Labor men remained in office—and began to devote his gifts for organization to preparing the Labor Party for the outbreak of peace.

Clement Attlee Berger

It was at this point that he found his great partner in the famous Fabian sociologist, Sidney Webb. In association with Webb, he persuaded the party to accept the new constitution of 1918, which with some minor changes remains the constitution today. They not only secured for the constitution the support of all the important trade unions and chief Socialist societies but gained the acceptance of the ideas, first, that every parliamentary constituency should have its local party, with both individual members and affiliated trade-union branches, and second, that the national party should boldly declare itself a Socialist party and make the acceptance of Socialist principles a necessary condition of membership. They then got the agreement of the reorganized party to a declaration of war aims which stands out still as one of the two or three most remarkable documents of the war, being built on the realization that the age of international organization had arrived and that national egotism, if written into the peace treaty, would sow the dragon's teeth of new wars. Thirdly, they secured acceptance of the famous document "Labor and the New Social Order," mainly written by Webb. There is still no better statement of the principles of democratic socialism; and it remains the foundation of all subsequent Labor Party efforts.

In the midst of these great achievements the election of 1918, skilfully maneuvered by Lloyd George as a tribute to himself before the war excitement had died down, was a disappointment; the Labor Party obtained only fifty-seven seats. But within a year the tide began to flow the other way. In 1920, under the joint leadership of George Lansbury and Ernest Bevin—the latter had just emerged as a national figure—the Councils of Action were formed and succeeded in putting an end to the ugly policy of armed intervention in Russia, of which the Lloyd George Cabinet, including Winston Churchill, approved. Two years later the Tories separated from Lloyd George, and their leader, Bonar Law, became Prime Minister. In the general election which followed, all the well-known Labor leaders retained their seats, and with them came a famous group from the Clydeside, of whom James Maxton was the most beloved and John Wheatley the ablest figure. A number of these—Attlee, Greenwood, Shinwell, Sidney Webb—entered the House for the first time. With 142 seats, Labor became for the first time the official Opposition. Within a year Bonar Law was dead, and Stanley Baldwin had become Prime Minister. As a strong protectionist Baldwin dissolved Parliament in the hope that he could get a mandate for abandoning free trade. Labor members now numbered 191, and in conjunction with the Liberals they turned out the Baldwin government as soon as the new House met. On January 21, 1924, Ramsay MacDonald became the first Labor Prime Minister.

He had been elected leader of the party in 1922 by the solid vote of the Clydesiders, who believed that he held strongly left-wing Socialist opinions. That was a completely mistaken judgment. MacDonald was in fact an ambitious charlatan who clothed all his opinions in a mass of metaphysical rhetoric; he disliked the left, feared opposition, and was far too timid even to dream of embarking upon a determined program of Socialist legislation. He was vain beyond words and easily captured by the glamor of "society" in London. His government lasted just over ten months, during which Wheatley, as Health Minister, put through an admirable housing act and Ponsonby, the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, obtained, in spite of MacDonald, both the recognition of Soviet Russia and a promising trade treaty with its government. Then the Labor Ministry fell, over the issue of a withdrawal of proceedings for sedition undertaken against an ex-soldier who combined a fine war record with strong Communist leanings. MacDonald lied to the House about his part in the whole affair, made the question one of confidence, and when beaten secured a dissolution of Parliament. In the election, which the Tories won by the well-timed "discovery" of the Zinoviev letter, the Labor Party lost forty seats.

The new Tory government was to hold office for

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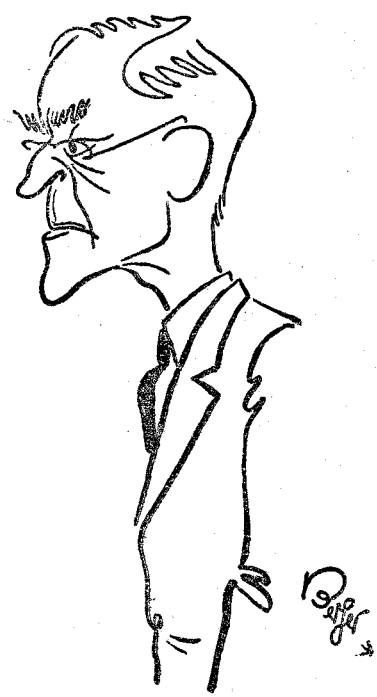
nearly five years. Baldwin made Winston Churchill his Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the latter, whose ignorance of economics was one of the most remarkable features of his political equipment, at once returned to the gold standard, with immense deflation as a result. This caused widespread unemployment and a general lowering of wages. The miners, betrayed in 1919 by Lloyd George over their claims for nationalization, were hit with particular severity. They refused to accept either an increase of hours or a decrease of pay. Mr. Baldwin bought them off for some months by a subsidy while his hand-picked Royal Commission reexamined the industry, reported against nationalization, and recommended a decrease in wages. The miners refused to accept this and appealed to the Trades Union Congress, which decided on May 1, 1926, to support them by a massive general strike. The economic life of the country was brought to a standstill for ten days. At the end of them, as the result of some curious half-official negotiations with Sir Herbert Samuel and the fear, whipped up by Sir John Simon, that the congress's action was both unconstitutional and illegal, the unions capitulated, though the miners themselves, with typical courage, remained out for six months longer until they were beaten by sheer starvation. The Baldwin government took its revenge by passing the Trade Union Law Amendment Act of 1927, which, broadly speaking, was an English version of the Taft-Hartley act.

LABOR had its revenge in 1929, when the Tory government dissolved and went to the country with a slogan which consisted of Mr. Baldwin smoking a pipe and asking for the confidence of the people. It was not much to offer; and the electorate returned 289 Labor members—only twenty short of an absolute majority. Baldwin resigned, and MacDonald became Prime Minister, with Arthur Henderson, to the Prime Minister's chagrin, as his Foreign Secretary. Henderson's handling of the office was the one outstanding success the second Labor government, beset by its own lack of courage and the growing economic depression, could claim.

As unemployment grew, MacDonald set up an Economy Committee which reported in favor of large cuts, even in unemployment relief. When the Cabinet would not accept such proposals, he proposed resignation. He had long thought of coalition government as the way out of his difficulties, and he now, to most people's amazement, formed a new Cabinet for the purpose of "saving the pound." Baldwin and Sir Herbert Samuel entered this Cabinet; Snowden and Thomas, with fourteen other Labor members, followed MacDonald into the prison camp where he hoped to find peace. Twelve days later his "National Government" went off the gold standard it was intended to preserve, and knowing that there was no way back for him, he decided on a general election, the necessity of which he had denied a few weeks before. MacDonald gained an immense victory. Of the best-known Labor front benchers only George Lansbury, C. R. Attlee, and Stafford Cripps remained to lead the 56 who were left from 289. MacDonald remained the nominal Prime Minister until 1934, when Baldwin took over the power that had, all along, been his. In the three years 1931-34, despite furious opposition from Labor and the loss of its Liberal members, the MacDonald government abandoned free trade, cut down all the social services, compelled a reduction in wages, and treated the unemployed as, in MacDonald's own word, "scrap." The Cabinet also turned away from Geneva and the chance of disarmament to the policy of the Stresa front, which led inexorably first to appeasement and then to the isolationism which came to full fruition later.

The Labor Party recovered only slowly from the crisis of 1931. At the general election of 1935 it returned 154 members, but the Tory power was overwhelming. When Neville Chamberlain succeeded Baldwin as Prime Minister in 1936, the Labor Party entered one of the unhappiest periods of its history. George Lansbury's absolute pacifism compelled his resignation of the leadership, C. R. Attlee taking his place. But the party had to watch helplessly while Chamberlain acquiesced, first, in the conquest of Abyssinia, then in Hitler's annexation of Austria, then in the hypocrisy of non-intervention in Spain. Chamberlain went forward, despite the resignation of Eden and the passionate hostility of Churchill, with pride and complacency to the disaster of Munich. Neither dissension nor denunciation could turn him from his goal, until in March, 1939, Hitler devoured the last remnants of Czechoslovakia and got ready for an attack on Poland. At long last, and too late, the Labor Party was able to lead public opinion in Great Britain to make continuation of appeasement impossible. Chamberlain made a last-minute and half-hearted effort to come to terms with Russia, but he was too late. His choice now lay between a super-Munich and a war to preserve what was left of freedom and democracy in Europe. The whole nation responded to the



Sir Stafford Cripps

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Labor Party's lead in the House of Commons. On September 3, 1939, Chamberlain was compelled to ask for a declaration of war against Germany in the worst possible conditions. By the following May his futility and incompetence were decisively shown in the failure of the Norwegian campaign. He sought earnestly Labor support; the party replied with emphasis that it would serve only under Winston Churchill as Prime Minister, and then upon the vital condition that it was a full partner. The Churchill government was formed, with Attlee as Deputy Prime Minister, Bevin as Minister of Labor, and Herbert Morrison, after a brief period at the Ministry of Supply, as Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security. If Churchill was the leader—and a great war leader—the debt he owed to his Labor colleagues was immeasurable. None but they could have won for him the confidence of the common people, and without that confidence he could not have become the architect of destiny.

AFTER its famous victory in 1945 the history of the British Labor Party is too well known to require detailed analysis. It is more useful to sum up, on the eve of the election, the party's general characteristics.

1. It has become a genuinely national party. Though the trade unions remain an integral part of it, it has the support of the Cooperative Union and of members of all trades and professions. Its M. P.'s represent a good cross-section of the national life.

2. Though as in all political parties leadership counts for much, in no political party in Great Britain is the influence of the rank and file so clear or so obviously recognized.

3. The party is strongly democratic and has consistently refused to have any dealings with organized communism. It is Socialist, but its socialism has varied shades. Unity is achieved by the program of the party, which is laid down by the Annual Conference.

4. The members of the party in Parliament, though broadly bound by the policy of the conference, have a large freedom of maneuver in the House, whether in government or in opposition. They are, however, expected to consult the National Executive Committee; this last body, moreover, controls the discipline of the party. Subject to the will of the conference, it indorses the nomination of candidates, may expel members of the party who refuse to accept its decisions, and decides whether or no the circumstances make it desirable to accept the task of government. The parliamentary party elects the leader of the party each session, but the program of the party for a general election is formulated by the National Executive Committee.

5. While the party has now a considerable staff of paid officials both in London and in the provinces, it relies for by far the larger part of its work on the voluntary efforts of individual members of local constituencies, among whom the women's sections make a particularly notable contribution.

LOOKING back on the last fifty years, one is struck by how the Labor Party, starting as a small group of trade unionists, Socialists, and cooperatives, has become the greatest Socialist party in Europe, strongly democratic, empirically rather than dogmatically internationalist. It is conscious of the reality of the class war but rejects the Marxian theory of a community which can only be made Socialist by a revolution to establish the dictatorship of the proletariat, which then, by repressing all opposition, passes into the classless society. Since 1917 it has sought with great energy to come to a full understanding with Russia, but the Kremlin, after a brief effort to achieve a united front, has shown little interest in the Labor Party, preferring to support the British Communist Party. At present this situation seems unlikely to change.

Aneurin Bevan Berger

The inspiration of British socialism is a compound of various elements, some of which go back to the Great Revolt of 1381, others to the civil wars of the seventeenth century, others to the Chartist movement of the nineteenth century. It has by no means been uninfluenced by Marx and Engels, by Lenin, and even by Henry George. But the outcome is a peculiarly English one, and the tradition of progress by constitutional consent lies at its roots. That tradition would be difficult to destroy unless it were attacked by the power of wealth or threatened by a third world war. It suffers, probably, by its insufficient attention to Socialist philosophy, which makes it excessively empirical, and by its geographical position, which makes it excessively insular. But nowhere is there a party in which the spirit of fellowship is more profound and the reserve of practical wisdom more remarkable. It may still save Europe by its energy, as it is likely to triumph over the difficulties of its economic position. With all their faults its leaders are notable both for their integrity and their sagacity; its rank and file for their acute sense of fair play. It may lack any figure with the romantic dash and color of Winston Churchill, but it is at least aware that it has to operate in the twentieth and not in the eighteenth century.

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Burmese Crazy Quilt

BY ANDREW ROTH

Rangoon, February 4

CONDITIONS in Burma after two years of independence were described by the French Minister with this paraphrase of the classic commentary on Austria: "In my country the situation is frequently serious but never disastrous. In Burma it is usually disastrous but never serious." Two things prevent the Burmese disasters from being serious. Despite the physical destruction virtually no one starves in rice-rich Burma, and the happy-go-lucky Burmese take their troubles in their stride.

The stalemate is complete here. The Burmese government cannot suppress the several rebellions which torment it, nor can the rebels overthrow the government. No mediation between the government and any substantial section of the rebels appears feasible. It is almost impossible to strengthen the government adequately from the outside.

Nobody knows the precise position and strength of the government forces or of the rebels. The fronts are many and shadowy. Most of the fighting is done by small bands of half-trained youths who live off the land and are only intermittently in contact with their base.

Although seven more or less separate insurrections are going on, the government has two main opponents. The Communists and their allies are attacking it from the left and the Karens and their allies from the right. Politically the greatest threat comes from the Stalinist Communists led by the embittered Thakin Than Tun and his Indian lieutenant, H. N. Goshal. Their revolt, started in March, 1948, is one of the South Asian echoes of the "get tough" policy enunciated by Zhdanov in the November, 1947, Cominform resolution. The Ranadive faction of the Indian Communist Party decided that the resolution called for Communist-led insurrections against governments friendly to the Anglo-Americans. They persuaded the Burmese, Malayan, and Indonesian Communists to act.

From their headquarters in Prome, 150 miles northwest of Rangoon, the Communists have formed a United Democratic Front. Their armed forces contain between seven and ten thousand men, gathered around a hard core of perhaps a thousand convinced Communists. They more or less control a semi-stable area of about 15,000 square miles (Burma contains 262,000 square miles). A government pamphlet says of them: "They have the knack of expanding their sphere of influence by absorption, peaceful penetration, and intimidation." The peasants call them the "everything is free" (*bone wa da*) boys because they wildly promise freedom from taxation, rent, and usurers' interest. Although excesses by their "People's Courts" have been mentioned, foreign travelers report more law and order in the Democratic Front areas than in those under government control. The weakness of the Communists' present position is that government forces bar their way to the south, the Karen state bars their expansion eastward, and they are separated from China by three hundred miles of hostile and mountainous territory.

From a military point of view the greatest threat to the government comes from the martial Karens, who proclaimed their autonomous state of Kawthulay last June. The leadership of the Karen movement is overwhelmingly Christian, though more than 85 per cent of the people, who number some two million, are Buddhists like the Burmese. The British long used the Karens as their military instruments in Burma, and as a result a fairly large number have had extensive military training. The Karen state now has between five and eight thousand well-disciplined and well-led troops and can find another thousand among the Mon and Kachin tribesmen. The Karens control perhaps a sixth of Burma.

One of the curious features of the Burma struggle is that the Communists and Karens, despite occasional clashes in areas where they meet, have been in general conciliatory toward each other. One might expect the rightist, pro-British Karen leaders and the ultra-leftist, violently anti-British Communists to be at dagger-points, but their first aim is to sink their daggers into the government.

The government's situation is substantially better now than it was early last spring, when its writ did not run beyond Rangoon and its very existence hung by a hair. But though it has extended its territorial holdings, its political and economic foundations are shaky and its military grasp of the country is tenuous. It now controls about half of the area and about one-fourth of the population of the Union of Burma—that is, most of the sparsely inhabited northern and eastern states but only about a fifth of populous central and lower Burma. It derives a distinct advantage from holding Burma's four chief ports, and it has recaptured Mandalay and the two oil towns of Yenangyaung and Chauk. In many places, however, its forces are isolated by the rebels, who are astride the roads, railroads, and waterways. The govern-

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ment-held fragments are tied together largely by a fleet of perhaps thirty overworked and over-age C-47's, flown by British, American, and Australian pilots.

To defend and extend its holdings the government has fewer than 20,000 soldiers, many of them half-trained. The most experienced anti-Japanese guerrillas joined either the Stalinist Communists when they revolted in March, 1948, or the pro-Communist "White Band" when it followed suit in July. The army's senior British-trained officers, including over half its general staff, were Karens. The Defense Minister himself, General Ne Win, was a postal clerk eight years ago and got his only formal military training during a few months in Japan in 1941. The inexperience of the government troops is compounded by a lack of cohesion and loyalty.

The Commonwealth countries have supplied military and economic aid in an effort to restore order. India, Malaya, Ceylon, and Pakistan, all need Burma's rice exports to help out their own production. All know that a disrupted Burma may enable the Communists to make their first break-through to the Indian Ocean, traditional preserve of British sea power. British strategy has been to try to unite the pro-Commonwealth government and the traditionally pro-British Karens against the Communists, but as a result of communal atrocities on both sides, the government is even more bitter against the Karens than against the Communists. It has turned down several offers of mediation, including one from Nehru.

Though Burma's Premier, Thakin Nu, is an attractive and high-minded man, the government has lost the confidence of the people. Two years ago Burma's young left-nationalist leaders started out to make a prosperous new nation. Despite the extensive war damage and dislocation, the prospect was encouraging. Burma is customarily the world's greatest rice exporter, and high prices were being offered by the hungry post-war world. In addition, Burma had wealth-producing teak, petroleum, tungsten, and other products. Unfortunately, these young leaders had exaggerated ideas about the ease and speed with which socialism could be achieved in an unindustrialized country. Their rash political promises that "gold and silver would rain from the sky" when the British were gone were proved false. And when they had to back down, the Communists were always there to bid for the people's support.

Although it had few trained men, the new government rushed ahead with a program which would have taxed an experienced and advanced administration. It had inherited a cumbersome apparatus which it could neither master nor reform, but it was ultra-nationalist and cocky enough to fire not only most of the British civil servants but also many Indians. In consequence its plans have been hamstrung. The generous land reform enacted by Parliament was scarcely executed at all. The British-owned Irrawaddy Flotilla Company was so hastily nationalized—in an effort to counter Communist criticism—that efficient managers could not be found.

A BURMESE paper has compared the insurrectionists to a son who uses a hammer to kill a mosquito on the forehead of his ailing father. Devastated by the war, disorganized by the transfer of authority to over-eager and inexperienced hands, the country has, indeed, been almost finished off by the rebellions. It is estimated that only 80 per cent of the previously tilled land is being cultivated, that less than 50 per cent of the timber lands is being worked, that mining produces only 20 per cent as much as formerly and oil only 5 per cent or less. This decrease in production has naturally crippled the government's finances just when they must bear the ruinous cost of the continuous fighting.

Last year Burma was saved from complete bankruptcy largely by the export of about 1,200,000 tons of rice which filtered down through rebel-held areas to the government-held ports. Next year the revenue will be a quarter less because poor weather has reduced the exportable surplus. The government speaks hopefully of decreasing the 1948-49 deficit of 74,000,000 rupees ($15,000,000) to 17,000,000 rupees ($3,000,000), but it can only do this by squeezing the region under its control until the pips squeak.

The easygoing Burmese people might forgive the government for its many inadequacies if they were not alienated by its corruption. Last year the known venality of lesser officials was capped by a charge against a Socialist Minister. In October Premier Thakin Nu admitted that profiteering and corruption were "steadily battering Burma's economic stability." A bribe of 2,000,000 rupees must be paid to the government air line to ship a plane-load of goods without a delay of months.

Many people complain of the government's "high-handedness," and a few go so far as to call Burma a "police state." It is true that a number of extraordinary powers, including the right to hold a man under arrest on suspicion for six months, have been assumed by the government, but by and large they have not been seriously abused. The Burmese high courts have not forgotten their British training in dispassionate justice. There are some blots on the record. The assassination of U Tin Tut, an able, conservative former Foreign Minister whose favorite occupation was sticking pins in Socialist trial balloons, was never thoroughly investigated by the Socialist Home Minister. The government is over-sensitive to criticism by Burma's fledgling newspapers. No formal censorship exists, but correspondents filing abroad are harassed concerning the sources and accuracy of their statements. Undoubtedly, however, the Thakin Nu government believes in parliamentary democracy and if voted out of power will step down.

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The government has announced a general election for March, partly to refute the accusation that it holds power illegally. It is generally felt, however, that country-wide free elections cannot as yet be held under its auspices. The real test will come soon, when the fighting season reopens after the rice crop is in. I have heard no better estimate of the situation than the toast proposed the other day by a government official speaking in English: "To Burma, its people and the wonderful future it has behind it!"

Rats Among the Palm Trees

BY CHARLES ABRAMS

WHEN the rats recently took over Los Angeles' stately palms for their homes and cavorted with the pigeons in the public squares, public officials ordered the trees corseted with steel plate to keep the rats from climbing back to their nests. In consequence the rats retreated to Los Angeles' slums.

Did I say slums? Los Angeles has no slums—to speak of. Most of its citizens have seen a slum only on a movie set. Every year tons of copy go out from this county seat of make-believe about rose tournaments, rose bowls, and rose floats. Never a word about slums. Two national magazines whose reporters visited Los Angeles' slums were instructed to cut out all references to them. The boom-happy Los Angeles *Times*, which led the anti-rat crusade, has now undertaken with equal fervor to ground officials who dare to mention the city's slums. This land of movie queens and swimming pools has developed a vested interest in illusion.

But behind the palm trees are grim four- and six-story wooden structures affording a miserable shelter to tens of thousands of families. One in every six of Los Angeles' city buildings is substandard, according to the last census. Unlike those in older cities, the slums in this sprawling community are not all in the central areas; many lie hidden on the hills, along side roads, or behind store fronts. Shacks made of old crates and little garages on back alleys house thousands of recent immigrants.

In one wooden tenement I saw a single hot-water faucet servicing some seventy-two families, a condition outlawed in New York City fifty years ago. Families of four and five persons cook, dine, sleep, and reproduce in one small room. There is no protection against fire—no fire escapes or sprinkler systems; fire calls are almost twice as frequent here as in the city as a whole. In another building two toilets on each floor service twenty-four families. They are only partly partitioned off and rarely in order. Often children must either brave two or three flights of stairs during the night or store their excrement for hours in a crowded room.

In the midst of one of the worst slums stands a factory that converts cows' and horses' tails into bow-strings and upholstery stuffing. Truckloads of tails are dumped every day on the lot in front of the factory. Maggots travel from the factory to the slums, and rats battle for the offscourings to the amusement of the anemic children. The lot where the tails are dumped is often the kids' playground. The warm climate increases the dangers; the stench is unforgettable. And these filth-ridden districts are girdled by food-storage and meat plants.

But if the press agents of Los Angeles' climate have succeeded in hiding its slums, they have been unable to check the toll of the slums. The tuberculosis rate is from five to eight times as high in some of these districts as in other parts of the city. There is thirteen times as much venereal disease; other communicable diseases run five times as high. Juvenile delinquency runs seven times and police arrests three and a half times as high. In one slum three blocks from the Los Angeles *Times* office juvenile delinquency has been found to be sixty times as high as the city average! Every major epidemic in Los Angeles, including the diphtheria epidemic two years ago, originated in its slums. The bubonic plague outbreak in 1924 was traced directly to the slum that adjoins Los Angeles' downtown shopping district.

Fear of bubonic plague and typhus may decide the contest between the slums and the myth-makers of Los Angeles. Seven years after the bubonic outbreak, plague-infected fleas were discovered in downtown Los Angeles, but public-relations-conscious authorities succeeded in suppressing the story. Minor outbreaks of typhus have occurred since. A year ago, to the chagrin of local officials, the number of typhus cases quadrupled despite the stepped-up anti-rat campaign. There were only about thirty-eight cases in all, but the sudden increase sounded a warning. Not long ago a troubled official tried to call one of the city's housing agencies about the rat situation but couldn't get through. On investigation it was found that the rats had eaten away the telephone wires!

The palm-loving rats of Los Angeles are at home

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in the slums, where holes in the walls allow them to share the families' food or eat the uncollected garbage. During the war thousands of Negro and Mexican families crowded into metropolitan Los Angeles. The city now has 150,000 Negroes and 250,000 Mexican Americans. The conditions in which they live make these minorities easy prey to vermin and disease. The best extermination program Los Angeles can devise will be thwarted as long as its slums remain.

Though the houses they occupy range from creaking wooden tenements to makeshift shacks and converted chicken coops, these slum-dwellers have one problem in common. They are hemmed in. Private realtors rarely build for Mexicans, Negroes, or Orientals, and they have covered most of Los Angeles land with racially restrictive covenants. (A Missouri court recently held such covenants enforceable by damage suits.) To make matters worse, many of the houses in which these minorities used to live have been torn down for one purpose or another. First it was for a railroad station; more recently 6,551 families were ousted to make room for a speedway; some buildings were converted to house migrant war workers; others have been condemned as unsafe. These projects may have been essential and useful, but each one drove more people from their homes. Unable to find other places to live, the evicted families have had to double up in the remaining slums or put up with worse makeshifts.

The housing difficulties of minorities are now to be increased by an urban-redevelopment scheme. Under this ill-timed program whole slum neighborhoods will be condemned and sold below cost to private developers. Since Los Angeles has no anti-discrimination ordinance, the new housing will not be available to most of the persons dispossessed.

ONLY through public housing can some of the minorities get decent homes at rents they can afford. Los Angeles has therefore set up two housing authorities, one for the city and one for the county. The county authority has jurisdiction over unincorporated outlying areas and communities like Santa Monica, Pasadena, and Beverly Hills. Hidden on the county's side roads or on the back streets of its towns are patchwork Mexican and Negro slum villages, without utilities, street lighting, or police service. The 1940 census found 106,000 substandard dwellings in the county. The city authority, which covers Los Angeles and Hollywood, has pushed its public-housing program under its able director, Howard Holtzendorff, and successfully rehoused some of its minorities, but the County Board of Supervisors has demurred. The county admits to only a seventh of the slum dwellings shown by the census. It has now turned down the federal government's offer of $300,000 for plans, of which $30,000 would be spent to find out how many hovels it really has. This fairyland can simply not admit that it has slums.

The curious anomaly of a public agency spurning federal aid in providing decent housing can be understood only if the strength of California's real-estate lobby is recognized. This lobby is one of the most powerful pressure groups in the country. It has fattened upon the huge profits made possible by the bloated appraisals of the lobby-dominated Federal Housing Administration. It contributes about a fifth of the national lobby's budget and dictates its policy. When the housing act of 1949 passed Congress, the thwarted national lobby decided to carry on the fight in individual localities, where realty boards were organized and citizens' groups were not. It chose California and Texas as strategic testing grounds. Its first step was to move in on the memberships of local public-housing and urban-redevelopment authorities; then it spiked local applications for federal housing money and urged urban redevelopment and the FHA as the best means of solving the problem.

The California lobby's main argument is that public housing is a threat to the "all-white American neighborhood." Its first success was its defeat of a statewide referendum for state-aided housing. It assured home-owners that public housing meant high local taxes, collapsing real-estate values, and minority infiltration, while it told the minorities that they would lose their homes through slum clearance. The lobby won its next success when it kept all but twenty-five of the seventy-odd housing authorities in California from applying for federal housing funds. It is now trying to initiate a recall movement against local officials who dare to apply for federal public-housing money. Members of the Oakland Housing Authority have been chosen as the first targets.

The lobby has also achieved a major advance in San Francisco. In a total population of 800,000 San Francisco has only 45,000 Negroes, but the city housing authority, whose head is linked to the Apartment House Owners' Association, has insisted on tearing down houses occupied by Negroes and on segregating the Negroes. Thanks to Edward Howden, able director of the Council on Civic Unity, a local ordinance now outlaws future segregation in public-housing projects, but the housing authority boasts it will not comply.

With the fight on housing transferred to the local scene, the realty lobby has so far won a marked advantage. Organizations like the Los Angeles Citizens' Housing Council and the California Housing Association simply lack the necessary funds for carrying on the contest. Citizens everywhere must be awakened to the dangers which the California situation has now highlighted. Without an organized effort the fight for public housing won last year in Congress may be lost this year in the cities.

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Del Vayo—Diplomacy Means Negotiation

THE fundamental error in this country's thinking about Soviet-American relations is the assumption that nothing can turn Russia from the course on which it has started or induce it to change its strategy. Its goal, Americans are convinced, is to dominate the world, either in order to establish communism everywhere or to satisfy its ambition for hegemony.

To support this view the writings of Lenin have been taken off the shelf and his words cited. C. L. Sulzberger, for example, in the New York *Times* of February 12, quoted the following: "There is no alternative left. Either the Soviet government triumphs in every advanced country in the world or the most reactionary imperialism, which is out to throttle the small, feeble nationalities and to reinstate reaction all over the world. This is the Anglo-American imperialism which has perfectly mastered the art of using for its purpose the form of a democratic republic." Of course Lenin did say that, but thirty years later the Soviet Union and Anglo-American imperialism were allied against a common peril—Hitler; and even with the cold war going on, Stalin and his closest associates, as Mr. Sulzberger must have read in his own paper, have repeatedly declared that it is possible for the United States and Russia to work together. Why should one assume without debate that Lenin, were he alive today, would speak differently?

By insisting that Russia would not abandon its uncompromising tactics until it had gained its ends or, like Hitler, smashed itself against a stone wall, certain commentators on foreign affairs have made themselves rather ridiculous. Four years ago they were predicting a Soviet blow against Finland, but so far nothing has happened. Last year they announced every few days that an attack on Belgrade was imminent, but still the Bulgarian, Hungarian, and Russian divisions supposed to be camped on the borders of Yugoslavia have not moved. Now, they say, a *coup de force* against western Germany, camouflaged as a German Communist uprising, is planned for some day in May. We shall see; but I think it likely that June will find Bonn still safely under the wing of Washington.

Not only in Europe: Mao Tse-tung's long stay in Moscow was said to indicate that China would be dismembered in the treaty being negotiated; we now see that instead of losing Manchuria the People's Republic gets back Port Arthur. I make no predictions about the future behavior of the Soviet Union; I merely assert that it has often made bad prophets out of its opponents. Therefore Mr. Acheson's assumption that Russia is sure to threaten or attack the free peoples of the world is a most risky one. This assumption, together with his refusal to negotiate, may cause the United States to lose the cold war—if it has not already lost it.

The rigidity ascribed to Soviet policy has caused people to overlook other things Russia might do to oppose the United States in Western Europe. Walter Lippmann has suggested a neutral zone between the Soviet bloc and the West as a possible preventive of open conflict. But if the Russians should consider war imminent, they might go much farther. The usual theory has been that in case of war the Russians would bomb the capitals of the countries allied against them. They might do the contrary—they might announce their intention *not* to drop the bomb, and make immense political profit out of this strategy.

They could say to the Scandinavians, the West Germans, the Dutch, the Belgians, the French: "If you will permit the Soviet army to come in, on our strict promise that the occupation will be temporary, for purely military purposes, and will entail no interference with your political institutions, we will not use the fatal bomb." This would put the onus for any future use of A- or H-bombs on the United States —unless Washington too promised not to use them.

Not all Europeans would turn a deaf ear to such an offer by Russia, especially if Mr. Acheson meanwhile holds to the view that there is no point in even trying to reach an agreement with the Soviets. Europeans simply cannot understand a diplomacy that abandons the main function of diplomacy—to negotiate. They are not surprised when Minister of Defense Louis Johnson, in a public address delivered at the University of Virginia, speaks of being ready "to lick hell out of her [Russia]." But they are aghast when they hear the Secretary of State agree with the military and the diehards of the anti-Soviet crusade that there is no use in talking with the Russians.

With his acute sense of timing, Winston Churchill, in two campaign speeches last week, gave expression to this widespread feeling by proposing early talks among President Truman, Stalin, and the next British Prime Minister. To discount his remarks by charging that he was merely trying to get votes is to miss the point; that is precisely what made his suggestion so important. He knows that the British people want to continue to "talk" with the Russians, that they are horrified by the prospect of an atomic-arms race, and skilful politician that he is, he forestalled his Labor Party opponents on a matter which is after all of considerably greater interest than nationalization or wages.

In protest against his countrymen's growing resignation to the idea of a Russian occupation of Western Europe, François Mauriac wrote in the conservative *Figaro* on February 6: "I am struck by the fact that many of my confrères have never written a word or made a gesture which will prevent them, after the Red Army has installed President Thorez at the Elysées and M. Aragon in the rue de Grenelle [the propaganda service], from continuing to turn out films and put on plays just as if nothing had happened." The statement gains significance with every day.

In the measure that the State Department refuses to practice diplomacy, the Russians will be in a better position to try an alternative like the neutralization or, in case of war, the "peaceful" occupation of Western Europe—provided, of course, that in the meantime they are themselves reasonably conciliatory and take no irreparable step in Finland, or Yugoslavia, or Germany.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

RUSSIAN LITERATURE: THE GREAT CENTURY*

BY ISAIAH BERLIN

RUSSIAN literature rose swiftly, lived for a century and a half, and then died." This dictum is patently false as it stands, or at least greatly exaggerated. There were Russian writers before Derzhavin and Pushkin; the statement that Russian literature came to an end after the death of Tolstoy or Blok —or even Mayakovsky—would be denied with indignant violence in many quarters. Boris Pasternak is a living poet of magnificent genius; Alexis Tolstoy, Anna Akhmatova, Ivan Bunin are a legitimate source of pride to patriotic Russians; nevertheless, the paradox enunciated above is not wholly absurd.

When Vladimir Korolenko, one of the most gifted and pure-hearted liberal writers in pre-revolutionary Russia, declared that his native country was not the Russian Empire but Russian literature, the intelligentsia in whose name this was said had no doubt of its meaning, historically and politically; they did not doubt that the literature of which Korolenko spoke belonged to the nineteenth century. It was not, of course, born in a vacuum; much genuine literary scholarship has been devoted to tracing its roots in the folk song and monastic writing of the medieval Slavs, not to speak of the Westernized literature of the eighteenth and even seventeenth centuries; and its epigoni lived well into the twentieth century and added to its renown. But its habitat is the nineteenth century. The great twentieth-century masters, for all their emotional and artistic boldness, were bound up with and spoke about and against the world of the nineteenth century in a sense in which that world itself was not, for example, consciously preoccupied with its own predecessor. The century began with "Russlan and Lyudmila," which Pushkin wrote in 1820, and ended in 1921 with the death of Alexander Blok.

There is, of course, a literature—and there are works of genius—to be found before and after these dates. Only the blind and deaf would deny this title to the "Lay of Igor's Host" or to the Bylinas and the other masterpieces of folk song and popular poetry, or to the "Autobiography" of Avvakum; or deny the importance of the Western influences introduced by Peter, of the noble Johnsonian Odes of Michael Lomonosov, of the comedies of Fonvizin; or minimize the historical deserts of the playwrights and poets influenced by French classicism or the German *Aufklärung*. Nevertheless, Russia at the time of the French Revolution was, compared to Western Europe, almost a literary wilderness. A quarter of a century later it was still no more than a promising cultural dependency of the West. Krylov, Karamzin, and the young Zhukovsky were writers of remarkable gifts, but they did not make a literary summer. Yet by 1850 Russia was in possession of a literature which, comparatively little known in Europe, could vie with that of any culture and period and rose to a level of artistic achievement which was to continue unbroken until almost the end of the century.

WITHOUT GOING INTO the fascinating, even now too little explored question of the social, political, and economic conditions of the rise of this, perhaps the richest, flowering of artistic genius in a great and fertile era, let us consider the standard facts, for they are remarkable enough. As every Russian schoolboy knows, Karamzin initiated but Pushkin created the modern Russian language. Pushkin has been to the literature of his country and its modes of feeling and imagination more than Dante to the Italians or Goethe to the Germans, and far more than Shakespeare to the English. And this in its turn may perhaps, to some degree, be due to the interplay of French and native influences in Russia at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

One must conceive of a people with rich and unexpended moral and emotional resources, sharp and fanatically rationalistic intellects, and a gigantic appetite for life in all its forms, bursting upon the stage of European history as one of the three great powers—in some respects the strongest of them—after the defeat of Napoleon. In Europe they were thought and spoken of as a mob of barbarians, and no doubt the Cossacks who rode in triumph through Paris in 1815 were barbarous; but French civilization had left a deeper mark upon their masters than their Western neighbors were ready to acknowledge. "Grattez un Russe," was a gibe less true of the leaders of Russian opinion in the nineteenth century than either before or after. If not French but German literary influence, then dominant in Europe, had seized upon these infinitely impressionable, untutored, and unformed minds, boiling over with a desire to enter the life and culture of Europe and armed with an unlimited capacity for imitation and assimilation, the consequence of undisciplined, romantic chaos imposed upon such raw material might well have proved disastrous—as to a minor degree it did when this very phenomenon began to occur at a later date. Fortunately for the history of human civilization, French influence, then at its most rigorous, pedantic, and intolerant, had played a decisive part in shaping the style and thought of the ruling, that is, the only literate, class in Russia.

However narrowing and indeed fatal the severity and aridity of the French classical tradition might have proved to less robust cultures, in this case they performed the task of providing a clear

* The occasion for this essay is the recent publication here of "A History of Russian Literature" by the Russian critic, D. S. Mirsky (Knopf, $5). The volume contains the texts, edited and abridged by Francis J. Whitfield, of Mirsky's two celebrated books, "A History of Russian Literature" and "Contemporary Russian Literature," published in 1927 and 1926, respectively.

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and firm framework for an imagination already astonishingly rich and malleable, infinitely impressionable but only half articulate, spurred on by a passion for self-improvement and a great and touching hunger for intellectual and moral authority—for truths in the light of which to conduct inner and outer life. The result was that this fertile and generous current which might otherwise have become dissipated or formed stagnant pools—as perhaps happened in other Slav countries—was organized, and acquired form, direction, and discipline, and culminated in a combination of spontaneity, elegance, and depth not known since the Greeks. By the time the flood of German romanticism was let loose and overflowed into Russia as well as France, the basic forms of the Russian style of thought and writing were sufficiently firm and mature not to be dissolved by the great onrush. Indeed, the effect of the flood was, in the beginning at any rate, beneficial, and combined with their social situation to protect Russian writers against a premature growth of professionalism, particularly in the realm of criticism. It played its part in creating the peculiar mixture of self-dedicating devotion to the arts and a horror of any division between the arts and private life which is perhaps the most arresting single characteristic of Russian literary culture in the nineteenth century. And literature was everything: as the critic Chernyshevsky said of it, it embraced nine-tenths of everything that was said at all in the Russia of his day; it was not a criticism of life but for both writers and readers was inextricably woven into the texture of daily life.

NO GREATER CONTRAST can be found in Europe than between what one may call—albeit with grave over-simplification—the Russian and the French conceptions of the artist and his function. The characteristic French artist of the nineteenth century traditionally seeks to attain to the highest level of skilled perfection to which the medium is susceptible; he still carries something of his pre-romantic function as in the first place a purveyor of objects of beauty or interest before a particular audience—general or particular, a coterie or an individual. His purpose is, in the first place, to produce the object; the consequence may be to transform the outlook of a generation; but if this happens, the object, not its maker, is the cause. The artist's claim, like that of any other professional, rests upon the intrinsic properties of the object, which, as soon as it is produced and handed over to the public, stands or falls by its own qualities and not by any relationship which it is conceived as con-

ARMOR'S UNDERMINING MODESTY

At first I thought a pest
must have alighted on my wrist.
It was a moth almost an owl,
its wings were furred so well,
with backgammon board wedges interlacing
on the wing—

like cloth of gold in a pattern
of scales with a hair-seal Persian
sheen. Once, self-determination
made an ax of a stone
and hacked things out with hairy paws. The consequence—our mis-set alphabet.

Arise, for it is day.
Even gifted scholars lose their way
through faulty etymology.
No wonder we hate poetry,
fur mantles, harps, and the new moon. If tributes cannot be implicit,

give me diatribes and the fragrance of iodine,
the cork-oak acorn grown in Spain;
the pale-ale-eyed impersonal look
which the sales placard gives the bock beer buck.
What is more precise than precision? Illusion.
Knights we've known,

like those familiar
now unfamiliar knights who sought the Grail, were
ducs in old Roman fashion
without the addition
of wreaths and silver rods and armor gilded
or inlaid.

They did not let self bar
their usefulness to others who were
different. Though Mars is excessive
in being preventive,
heroes need not write an ordinal of attributes to enumerate what they hate.

I should, I confess,
like to have a talk with one about excess,
and armor's undermining modesty
instead of innocent depravity.
A mirror-of-steel uninsistence should countenance
continence,

objectified and not by chance,
there in its frame of circumstance
of innocence and altitude
in an unhackneyed solitude.
There is the tarnish and there the imperishable wish.

MARIANNE MOORE

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tinuing to have with its author or to set up within and among the individuals at whom it is directed. The author offers only his craft, and his private life is consequently no concern of the public; his morality as man or citizen, his attitude to personal or social questions, his personality in general are not thrust forward. The work of art is not primarily a self-conscious public avowal of something for which he professes to stand.

Even if a work of art has a "message" in the most directly moral or political sense, this "message" is that of the work itself. The artistic function is, in theory at least, no more closely connected with the artist's behavior as a son or a lover or a voter than those of the man who sells him his canvas or prints his books. The amateur is not admired as such; the concept of the artist as a faltering, fallible, disarmingly wayward, uncontrollable being expressing himself out of a sudden gust of feeling or whim or for reasons too private or complex to be easily explained, with no responsibility to anyone, no committal act of staking out some public, professional claim—that has always been rightly despised and rejected in France. And the art and literature of France owe a very great deal to this refusal to identify incompetence and confused self-indulgence with artistic freedom, and inner confusion, lack of discipline, and immaturity with a special kind of spiritual beauty and a sensibility which recoils before the vulgarities of professionalism.

Nevertheless, to the Russians this French conception* of art has always, even in its wildest moment of exoticism, seemed false and repulsive. Whatever their differences, Russians were agreed upon the public duty of the artist as a dedicated figure. No doubt Ryleyev or Nekrassov or the later Mayakovsky believed in the social function of art, whereas the romantics, or the *fin de siècle* symbolists, believed in it as a kind of clairvoyance and in the poet as a priest giving words to "earth's holy dreams." But vessels of sacred inspiration are not more *dégagé* than those of morality; impurity of life corrupts vision and turns the poet into an impostor and a traitor; he leads not two lives but one. Consequently the distinction between the artistic and the private personality seems to them specious, and attempts to practice it cold and even vicious. The task of art—as of love, with which this view almost identifies it—is to open the windows of the soul: whoever has something to say must say it in every situation, in every available medium.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN writers of the century assumed that if one spoke at all it was to testify to the truth. Distinctions between artistic and personal truth, political and private truth, what one did as a craftsman and how one lived as a man, were at best vague and artificial, at worst a deliberate attempt to conceal the truth from oneself or others, a dishonest or misguided attempt to get the best of morally incompatible worlds, to buy an indulgence to preach one thing while practicing another; in effect to prostitute oneself, to sell the truth or one's capacity to discover it for a mere facility in elaborating techniques and producing objects which, because they did not necessarily, and as such, express what one knew to be true, came close to being a lie and a betrayal. The greater the skill the deeper the treachery, the more cold-hearted the sin against society and one's own self. Such very different writers as, let us say, Stendhal and Daudet would have been equally outraged by an examination of their private lives to determine whether they could morally have "lived" through that which was expressed in their works of art. But if Pushkin, the "purest," least moralistic, and best of all Russian writers, had been discovered to be secretly in the pay of a foreign government, if Tolstoy had been found to have been, even before his conversion, on intimate terms with the chief of the secret police, the shock would have been severe. Not only the public but these authors themselves would hardly have tried to dismiss the charges as in some sense irrelevant to the value of their works.

The artist's duty, whatever the disagreements about the direct utilitarian content of his work, derives, according to this view, not from the fact that he is an artist but from the fact that he speaks publicly at all; if one ventures to speak one must be very sure to tell the truth; the truth is one and indivisible; one lives one life and not many, and what is right or true for the artist cannot be wrong or false for the same individual in some other capacity. One must say what one believes, or "be what one is," as fully, scrupulously, and profoundly as one is able, not necessarily as a citizen—one may hate or despise the state or society or any other institution. The advocates of social literature such as that preached by Nekrassov and the Radicals, can without any inconsistency be regarded as the enemy. But because fidelity to artistic principles is ethically imperative, because it is an end in itself, justifying everything and not itself in need of justification, this doctrine was believed as faithfully by the "decadents" who denounced the moral and social function of art as by the most fanatical anti-aesthetic materialists and utilitarians.

Whatever the sources of this attitude, whether it is connected with the Orthodox doctrine of the various duties of man; or with the fact that Russian art, and more particularly literature, was created by aristocratic dilettanti and continued by individuals whose education divided them from their own social class and artificially, and often uneasily, united them with this world of well-born amateurs; or with the influence, during the impressionable years of Russian literature, of those German religious mystics and romantic writers who preached the identity of the occult source of art and life; or with the social and political conditions of life in Russia which made the intelligentsia the automatic enemy of the government and the state, and so inevitably turned it into an opposition, a torch-bearer, and a preacher from the very beginning: whatever the genetic explanation, the result was to make the characteristic Russian writer a representative of a humane culture in a wider sense than art alone; to make him, in this sense of the word, an amateur, an undivided personality, quite consciously opposed to that very professionalism of the West whose techniques he was destined so profoundly to influence, whose standards he transformed, and to which he remains to this day the ideal of freedom, completeness, precision, and truth.

* French, at any rate, more than it is English or German, although of course to build a generalization upon it—with Hugo, Zola, and Péguy, to choose three great names at random, to testify against it—would be very unwise.

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The Russian intelligentsia was, of course, only one particular product of this general attitude. Not all Russian writers, not even those idolized by the intelligentsia, were members of it. Pushkin, Gogol, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, did not belong to it, whereas Turgenev, Belinsky, Herzen, and after a fashion Chekhov, Blok, and even Gorky did. Whether one belonged depended on the degree to which the writer or artist was conscious of himself as a standard bearer of an enlightened liberal, and above all secular—not necessarily democratic—attitude in political and social issues and not primarily on the genre of his art, intimately though this was bound up with his general views and temper.

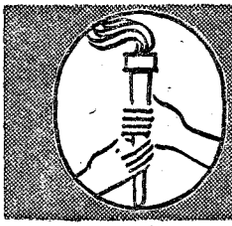
[*The second part of this essay will appear in the issue of March 4.*]

Japan and the West

THE WESTERN WORLD AND JAPAN. By George B. Sansom. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

WITH a unanimity rare in the scholarly world Sir George Sansom has long been acknowledged as the most distinguished scholar on the Far East. The claim was established twenty years ago by his history of Japan. It is validated by the present book. The only book on the Far East which is as good as this one is Sir George's own earlier book. What gives his books their quality is that he combines exact scholarship on a specialized subject with a rich fund of general ideas and both with literary grace.

Sir George sets himself to trace the influence on Japan of Western ideas, institutions, things. On this point there has been heretofore a profusion of generality but not much of concrete, verified fact. It is a common belief long held that Japan had been locked away from the Western world until Commodore Perry imperiously knocked at its doors with his black ships. Sir George shows conclusively how completely unfounded this belief is. The European empires in their days of might had established contacts with Japan, as well as with the rest of the East, before the seventeenth century, and if Japan decreed complete seclusion in that century, forbidding both ingress



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and egress, it was a measure not of cultural provincialism or even isolationism but of defense. The West had begun that aggressive expansion in the East which is only now in its dying phase, and the West's spearhead was the church and its emissaries.

Even in the centuries of complete seclusion, however, Japan was not completely shut off. Japan, it is true, was closed to the West, but the West was not closed to Japan. Through official and unofficial apertures there penetrated knowledge of what the West was doing and, to a certain extent, of what it was thinking. Yet neither this seepage nor the importunateness of Perry was responsible for Japan's emergence into the world in the middle of the nineteenth century. The old order, the mixture of Shogunate and feudalism, was giving way in any event. Trade, the money economy, and a new urban bourgeoisie had undermined it. Perry had come at a critical moment.

Sir George points out and elaborates one significant contrast between Japan and China that has never before been so well brought out. With all its presumed greater insularity Japan was much more hospitable than China to external ideas. China was both indifferent to and contemptuous of Western knowledge and thought; Japan was curious and willing to learn. The contrast obtained until at least 1910 and accounts in part for Japan's status by then as a great power and for China's slow decay. The fact that China had an older, more indigenous, and more elaborate culture than Japan no doubt also had something to do with its greater conservatism and the obscurantism into which conservatism so easily degenerates.

Western things, Sir George finds, have had much more influence in Japan than Western ideas or institutions. "It is true," he says, "that Western clothing, food, transport, and communications, as well as Western ideas, have enlarged and diversified Japanese life, but they have not necessarily changed its essential character." Indeed, it is industrialization more than Western religion, concepts, or values that is responsible for such change as has come about in Asia, in spite of complacent Western assumptions to the contrary. There is nothing strange in this: men are more deeply affected by a change in their habits than by the appeal to their reason. The first works unconsciously; the second demands a conscious, willing break with the past that men seldom make. It may be, too, as Sir George says, that while in Japan, as no doubt elsewhere, industrialism, the form in which the East has taken the West thus far, has affected only the surface of life and left the core intact, it may with time work down and "industrial life will one day bring about a world-wide uniformity of drabness." There may be an unexpressed prejudice in this—call it a value judgment if you like; but one who knew the old East will have a good deal of sympathy with it.

In any event, there has never been and there is not now any justification for the once popular rhapsodies about the "new Japan," the "new China," the "new India." There always was a good deal of superficiality and sentimentality in these phrases, as well as a good deal of Western complacency, and there still is. None of the Eastern peoples are as yet "new" except on the surface. In all the deeper, essential responses to life they are pretty much as they have been. It can be argued, probably convincingly, that they cannot long use the forms without absorbing the spirit too; but that has not yet happened.

In order to show the extent and nature of Western penetration Sir George has been constrained to give an account of the authentic Japan, the Japan that was, and this he does with sheer virtuosity. It is not only scientifically impressive; it is, from the artistic view, superlative. Here, then, is a masterpiece, an extraordinary example of historiography, of the sort that gives what is called the new history its claim to superiority over the traditional and its claim also to survival.

NATHANIEL PEFFER

The Double View

THE HORSE'S MOUTH. By Joyce Cary. Harper and Brothers. $3.

"THE HORSE'S MOUTH" is the record—funny, rambling, close-packed with epigrammatic wisdom and an artist's observations of changing lights and shadows—of the last years of Gulley Jimson, painter and practicing anarchist. Told in the first person, it stands very well by itself, although it is even more impressive if read as the conclusion to the trilogy of which "Herself Surprised" and "To Be a Pilgrim" are the earlier parts, autobiographies of Sara Monday and Thomas Wilcher, respectively. The three books fall into a general moral design, for Mr. Cary's is essentially a moral imagination.

He is the most successful English writer since Trollope at sustaining through several novels an interest in the same set of people and at recreating the material past. He feels his way into each of his characters, realizing the world and its doings as only Gulley or Sara or Tom could have sensed them; the miserable suburb by the Thames where Gulley lives so riotously, the various households in which Sara finds herself, Tolbrook, the ancestral home of the Wilchers—all these come into an abundant life. Like Trollope, too, Cary conveys a sense of ordinary life going on, of the generations, of youth declining into age. He is more complex,

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however, for the events of the sixty years which ended in 1939 are seen as they impinged on three very different sensibilities.

His central preoccupation—there are other levels in his fiction which there is not space to discuss here—is the warfare between the individual and society, a warfare which rages in a variety of forms. In "Herself Surprised" Sara Monday, a never sentimentalized English version of *das ewige Weibliche*, pure in heart, bounteous by nature, is always getting into trouble with the middle-class society into which she marries and on which, after husband and money are gone, she is dependent as a servant, usually without a "character." To her, goodness of heart is of more importance than a marriage ceremony or a strict keeping of household accounts. It leads her to prison, but as Wilcher says, ". . . she is saved. . . . She is one of those people to whom faith is so natural that they don't know how they have it." Wilcher himself is an old-fashioned man, notional, religious, and, toward his end, given to making shy but improper advances to young girls. His rebellion comes to little more than sleeping with his cook, burning down his town house, and running away from the sensible niece who wants to look after him. He admires the great English non-conformists, Bunyan especially, from one of whose hymns the title of the second novel is taken. Wilcher has never been a pilgrim, having been too much occupied with keeping intact the family property. But finally he does burn part of it, and he is only prevented from marrying Sara by the interference of high-minded relatives. Gulley Jimson, the unsuccessful painter and Sara's lover for many years, is the archetype of the bohemian at the barricades, embattled against a bourgeois world, although he fawns on it and cheats it whenever it is necessary or possible.

"The Horse's Mouth" begins after Wilcher's death. In poverty and drink, sought at times by the police, constantly exercising the most artful dodges, Jimson reflects on his new painting, on his old life with Sara, whom he has done out of her money, beaten, and deserted. It is inevitable that in this novel, after numerous reconciliations, he should kill

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her, quite accidentally, pushing her down the cellar stairs in order to steal a drawing he had given her for which he has a buyer. The final episode in his career is a crescendo of madness and defiance as this toothless, aged rogue, this modern but authentic picaresque hero, busies himself with an enormous mural of the Creation in a building which is being destroyed, even as he paints, by order of the municipal council.

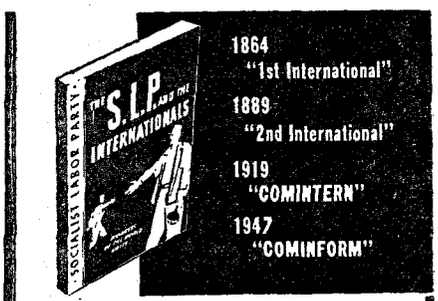
It has been very easy, since Fielding and Sterne, for English novelists to exalt sound feeling and the good heart over all the other virtues. Neither Mr. Cary nor his characters are fooled for a minute by this sort of nonsense. They are Protestants in the original sense of the word. Their Protestantism, their rebellion, is of the will, which is free. Man is morally responsible for what he does, if not for what befalls him. Even Jimson, who keeps faith with no one, is aware of this:

> It's all work, work. The curse of Adam. But if he doesn't work, he doesn't get anything, even love. He just tumbles about in hell and bashes himself and burns himself and stabs himself. The fallen man—nobody's going to look after him. The poor bastard is free—a free and responsible citizen. The Fall into freedom. Yes, I might call it the Fall into Freedom.

Madness, poverty, prison, and death undo them. Their flesh is weak, but their spirits are strong. One way or another they triumph over the circumstances which bring them to material ruin. These are the most convincingly cheerful and humorous novels I have read for a long time.

For there is a wonderful double view here. Wilcher is mad, Jimson a rogue, Sara, foolish, vain, given to pawning small objects which do not belong to her. But Wilcher, in his dementia, sees life on some levels far more clearly than the niece who looks after him; Jimson, without any perceptible human virtues except a wisdom which does him little service and a rage to paint, is a kind of prophet, even if only from a crackerbox; and Sara, for all her folly, is one of the saved.

ERNEST JONES



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Clay in Germany

DECISION IN GERMANY. By Lucius D. Clay. Doubleday and Company. $4.50.

IN 1945 General Lucius D. Clay, a professional army engineer, went to Berlin, having been advised by President Roosevelt that Europe's future peace and welfare could be assured by the construction of a giant TVA system. Four years later he left Berlin as the architect and builder of the "Fourth Reich." "Decision in Germany" is the story of one of the most fateful and personal contributions that any single American has made to the development of the post-war foreign policy of this country.

Clay's administration as deputy of the United States Military Government and his two-year term as American Military Governor are striking proof of the valid if unheeded truth that "operations make policy," and not the reverse. Yet a reader of "Decision in Germany," a highly impersonal and colorless report of Clay's vital four years' work in defeated Germany, may miss the unwitting revelation of the dominant role played by this "most civilian-minded" of United States generals. I am quite sure General Clay never expected that in the course of his four years in Germany, in the face of Russian opposition almost to the point of war, with his French and British colleagues dragging their feet, and with an apathetic and demoralized German population, he would build a new state, and top it off with a "federal democratic" government.

That this soldier-engineer took upon himself the initiative to do so shows how lax the State Department was in its planning and control of defeated Germany, as well as the extent to which the generals formulated our policy in the political struggle with the U. S. S. R. Like other army engineers, Clay abhors a vacuum.

General Clay has often been accused by his numerous critics, mostly in France and in America, of arbitrarily "making American policy" vis-à-vis Germany. His book is a witness of the truth of the accusation. Whether Clay was right or wrong, only history will show; but he cannot escape the direct and primary responsibilities for the creation of a post-war German state that is now potentially as strong as, if not stronger than, any country this side of the Iron Curtain.

Clay quickly reached the conclusion that "JCS 1067," the basic American policy toward defeated Germany, showed "a failure to grasp the realities of the financial and economic conditions which confronted us . . . a Carthaginian peace." He set out hopeful and confident that four-power rule of defeated Germany was not only possible but extremely desirable. He also felt strongly that unless defeated Germany was given a chance to earn its way back into the family of nations, this economic and social cancer would infect all Europe.

Quarrels with the French and growing disillusionment with the Russians marked the education of Clay in the first years as director of Military Government. A unified policy was impossible to achieve. So he made his bid for history by persuading his close personal friend, Secretary of State James F. Byrnes, to come to Stuttgart to deliver the famous address of September 6, 1946, outlining as official the policy that Clay had personally evolved. Byrnes announced that the Americans would cooperate with all or any of the

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occupation powers to form a stable segment of Germany, in order that an "economically sound and democratic" German administration could be reconstructed. That was the inception of "Bizonia," which developed logically and inexorably, as a result of the "cold war," into the Federal Republic of West Germany at Bonn. And as his book reveals in its record of cables, correspondence, and conferences, Clay was both the initiator and prime organizer of the embryonic "Fourth Reich."

In early 1948 Soviet intransigence convinced Clay that war with Russia had become a "possibility." He is a man of iron will and great courage and a magnificent organizer, and never were these qualities so strikingly revealed as when the Soviet blockade was clamped down on Berlin.

One of Clay's dispatches is a classic of its kind. To counter consideration being given in Washington to American withdrawal from Berlin, Clay cabled: "We have lost Czechoslovakia, Norway is threatened. We retreated from Berlin. When Berlin falls, Western Germany will be next. If we mean . . . to hold Europe against communism we must not budge. . . . If America does not understand this now, does not know the issue is cast, then it never will, and communism will run rampant. I believe the future of democracy requires us to stay." And stay we did.

For the first time Clay lifts the curtain on his bold suggestion to break the Soviet blockade by sending an armed convoy through to western Berlin, a suggestion which was vetoed by Washington. In pleading for approval of this challenging act he cabled: "Under the circumstances which exist today only we can assert world leadership. Only we have the strength to halt this aggressive policy here and now. It may be too late next time. I am sure that determined action will bring it [the blockade] to halt without war. It can be stopped only if we assume some risk."

These dispatches reveal clearly the character of General Clay. They also reveal his intense conviction that Germany was America's political front line in the cold war, and that if we failed to support and restore at least western Germany, we would lose it to Russia. He displayed a soldier's directness and incisiveness in meeting a problem. More than any other American, General Clay is the man who, in the words of the London *Economist*, is responsible for America "becoming a great Western European power."

"Decision in Germany" is difficult to read. It reflects none of its author's warmth and engaging personality. There is also a lack of human-interest material, the back-drop against which the struggle for the soul of Germany was waged relentlessly by the Russians and General Clay. This story of the four-year battle, political and economic, does not have the smell of the ringside that was so pungent in the cockpit of Berlin. But for those who wish to follow closely the evolution of post-war Europe, it is indispensable reading.

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The Crocean Philosophy

MY PHILOSOPHY, AND OTHER ESSAYS ON THE MORAL AND POLITICAL PROBLEMS OF OUR TIME. By Benedetto Croce. Selected by R. Klibansky. Translated by E. F. Carritt. The Macmillan Company. $3.

THE short title of this volume might easily arouse false hopes, suggesting that an octogenarian philosopher, who already, in his own words, "looks at himself as if he were dead," might here have given to the world a last volume, a swan-song compendium of wisdom, or some final reduction of an imposing Philosophy of Spirit. Instead, "My Philosophy" is only the first of a number of brief essays here collected, and is mainly a restatement of what Croce's philosophy has that was never dreamt of in Hegel's. With it are more than thirty essays and "various thoughts" of varying length, selected from scattered writing dating from the early thirties to the end of the last war and displaying a range of themes that would certainly be surprising were their author not Benedetto Croce.

In this first essay we are reminded of "the new philosophic home which I have made for myself and arranged and fitted up, a home new in its foundations and plans and passages and in the use of its rooms," and that therein the relation established "between mind or spirit and nature is no longer a dualistic one," from which "any intrusion of transcendence is absolutely excluded." The variety of discourse and reflection which follows this peers somewhat more closely at the bricks and the furniture of this remarkable house. One gathers that the whole establishment is still kept in strict order in these latter days. Nor does the architect admit of any incongruities in its construction; he does, however, expect the structure to be added to as time goes on.

The structure of the Crocean philosophy is in no way modified by these essays. All remains faithful to the familiar pattern. The spirit of man still contains all things, and by some inevitable principle of progress that spirit continues to grow and widen. Historical movements always start at the top with men of genius. We are told that the Philosophy of Spirit first worked out a philosophical basis for the distinction which "recognized two grades of practical activity, the one egoistic or economic, the other universal or moral, both necessary, of which the second continually subdues and refashions the first." And we are also assured that "since this solution of the problem we no longer think, as the phrase goes, of 'moralizing economics'; on the contrary, we demand that it should assert its own nature yet more strictly, not as immoral but as non-moral, for that way is its function and its truth."

Since this familiar indorsement of *homo oeconomicus purus* governed from above by another category of spirit comes in an essay entitled The Moral Problem of Our Time, I cannot but remember a remark by T. E. Hulme to the effect that there is a family resemblance between all philosophers since the Renaissance to be seen by the touchstone of what he called a *critique of satisfaction*:

> The philosophers [since the Renaissance] share a view of what would be a satisfactory destiny for man which they take over from the Renaissance. They are all satisfied with certain conceptions of the relation of man to the world. These conclusions are never questioned in this respect. Their truth may be questioned, but never their *satisfactoriness*. This ought to be questioned. This is what I mean by a *critique of satisfaction*.

When Croce, for example, finishes up with the final world-picture of the "legitimate" *mystery of infinite progress and the infinite perfectibility of man*, I at once want to point out that not only is this not true but, what is even more important if true, such a shallow conception would be quite unworthy of the emotion he feels toward it.

A preponderance of the essays are on political matters. Coming as they do out of the years of fascism and war, they put before us once more the courageous spirit of a philosopher who never surrendered in thought or deed to the forces of darkness which pressed so close about him and in which his country was so tragically involved. There is some clever "underground" strategy in some of these writings that is eloquent of their time and of the abiding faith of a liberal in a particular ideal of liberty, an ideal still ardently championed in the face of subsequent threats from yet other quarters: communism, Marxism, and—democracy!

One little surprise which the volume may hold for those who have some elementary instruction in the Crocean philosophy is an essay telling us why "we" (including Croce) "cannot help calling ourselves Christian." There are subtle dialectical twists to be followed out here. But apparently dialectic wins; so that even a philosophy in which "we can never pass beyond the historical course of events to any reality outside and above ourselves," in which "the spirit is always the full realization of itself," in which "real truth consists simply in its own self-creation," which celebrates an ethics founded on a concept of liberty as an ideal placing "its end in no self-contradictory ideal of happiness, calm, or beatitude . . . but in the . . . ideal of a creation to be achieved, in whose life alone we live," is apparently a philosophy which we cannot help calling Christian. Ah, Renaissance and shades of Leonardo!

Finally, toward the end—to do perhaps more injustice to the volume by picking its *surprises*—one comes upon Croce at grips with Marcel Proust. Proust, one would say, comes off rather badly, since he has, it seems, a mistaken idea of what history is and he gives, besides, "what is not a true definition of a work of art." And it is, apparently, for these reasons that a great historian and aesthetician "cannot easily discover any poetic inspiration" in him.

Henceforth pure intuition would do well to brush up on Philosophy of Spirit before expressing itself.

CHARLES S. SINGLETON

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Even a Worm . . .

ANIMAL IQ. THE HUMAN SIDE OF ANIMALS. By Vance Packard. The Dial Press. $2.50.

THIS short, amusingly illustrated book summarizes for popular consumption many of the more surprising results of recent attempts to measure animal intelligence. Ever since Thorndike devised his mazes a generation ago, scores of workers—if you can call them that—have been amusing themselves by setting problems for all sorts of animals from the earthworm to the gorilla and have been coming up with results which generally make them feel pretty superior to everything except the apes.

Even a worm, though, can learn which of two branching paths will take him where it is pleasantest to go, and, what is more, both halves will remember if he is cut in two. On most tests man's own favorites—the dog, the cat, and the horse—come out much worse than the pig, the donkey, and the raccoon, but of course only the anthropoids show much evidence of what we have been pleased to define as intelligence—that is, the ability to analyze an unfamiliar situation and make a successful response without recourse to trial and error. They can also be taught the meaning of money by means of chips of different colors good for different slot machines dispensing various goodies. They can be made to work for the chips rather than for direct rewards, and they exhibit temperamental differences in their attitudes, some being spendthrifts and others misers. But perhaps all this is only creating unnecessary difficulties. Are we going to have the problem of reeducating the apes also when the time comes to shift over to a non-profit economy?

Despite his jaunty and strictly journalistic method Mr. Packard seems careful of his facts, and he occasionally suggests reasonable doubts concerning the absolute adequacy of the methods. Even the experimenters have grown dubious concerning the all-sufficiency of the maze tests—and why shouldn't they when it turns out that a white rat is proved by some of these experiments to be three times as bright as a college student?

Some of us are still more skeptical than either Mr. Packard or the psychologists he speaks for. The most ingeniously designed problems are at least open to the objection that they were designed by men prejudiced in favor of their particular talents, and the results might be very different if the animals tested us. Moreover, even among men the ability to solve puzzles—differential equations, for example—is no measure of all kinds of intelligence, and in animals as well as men there may be something called wisdom. One thing seems fairly certain. The dog and the cat are not *dull,* whatever may be their limitations in respect to what we call intelligence; their mental lives are active and vivid, not moronically sluggish. Is it really a proof of our wisdom or good sense to go to a great deal of trouble to give a laboratory rat a neurosis? As the late Will Cuppy remarked, "Frogs will eat red flannel worms fed them by biologists. This proves a good deal about both of the parties concerned."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The World's Health

ONE-HALF THE PEOPLE: DOCTORS AND THE CRISIS OF WORLD HEALTH. by Charles Morrow Wilson. William Sloane Associates. $4.

THIS book might be called a rewriting of Wendell Willkie's "One World" from the standpoint of health. Here the 150,000,000 or so people of the United States are set within the perspective of the two and three-quarter *billion* human beings on the planet. "Two billions of them are sick," says Mr. Wilson. The problems of medical service which agitate us in this favored country seem insignificant in comparison with the malaria and hookworm, the parasitic and nutritional diseases, which devastate the lives and reduce the productive capacity of Eastern and tropic peoples.

Mr. Wilson, however, does not minimize the deficiencies. His frank and wholesome chapter headed Health at Home features the preventable diseases that we do not prevent, the curable diseases that we do not catch in time, the crowded housing and ill-balanced diets, the vast sums lost through sickness among our workers. He pays a respectful bow to President Truman's national health program, including compulsory health insurance.

In the main, the book is a picture of world health presented from the sociological rather than from the specialized medical point of view, so that food shortages and population pressures are weighed, as they should be, along with the problems of disease. Mr. Wilson moves us with vivid stories from equatorial Africa, the Ozarks of Missouri, the Mayan jungles of Mexico, and else-

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where, and with more or less familiar tales of the great medical discoverers. A well-balanced chapter on Soviet medicine will be of service to many readers who cannot find time for more extensive accounts.

Specialists will of course raise an eyebrow here and there as they read a book of this scope written by a layman, and there is much unevenness in pace and style; but on the whole the author brings together a reliable and reasonably analyzed body of facts. One of his useful services is to cross lines of professional specialties and demand the planned participation of physicians with chemists, engineers, plant breeders, sociologists, and politicians. He urges fuller backing of the World Health Organization as one of the chief instruments, although not the only one, for making the tropics livable for larger populations of efficient producers. Agricultural and population policies must be integrated with medical ones. As we read the speeches of some members of Congress, we realize how many blocks must be knocked out of the way before these policies can be realized either for the United States or for the planet.

MICHAEL M. DAVIS

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Péguy's Joan of Arc

THE MYSTERY OF THE CHARITY OF JOAN OF ARC. By Charles Péguy. Translated by Julian Green. Pantheon Books. $3.

THIS is static drama. The three characters from time to time point to the scenery, but this is the only thing that keeps the reader from being convinced they have not merged with it. Without much interruption, the thirteen-year-old Joan speaks her monologues, long litanies of deprecation of God's apparent insouciance about man's miserable condition. She is answered by Mme Gervaise, a nun, who is here God's advocate explaining to the restive child why things must be as they are. There is nothing about Joan's later heroism and martyrdom; Péguy was not interested here in that aspect of her life. And in the end Joan of Arc is still seated on a hillside, spinning and watching her father's sheep. The visions which one shares with her are the most unhallucinatory ever recorded, and remind one of catechism class on long dreary afternoons.

The prose consists of a sort of incremental repetition, like this: "War wages war on peace. And peace, of course, does not wage war on war. Peace leaves war in peace. Peace kills itself through war. And war does not kill itself through peace. Since it did not kill itself through God's peace. . . ."

At the risk of seeming irreverent, and completely aware of Péguy's much admired naivete, one must point out that this babble soon becomes horribly tedious; and since there are two hundred close-packed pages of it, it becomes a tour de force even for a reader of the most catholic tastes, and willing to suspend his disbelief, to read on to the end. The publisher's reader evidently did not. "We see Joan driven by supernatural charity to heroic action," said the printed letter that came with my copy of the translation.

Neither the blurb nor the translator's preface indicates that the "Joan of Arc" is only the first half of a complete work of which part two, "Le Porche de la Deuxième Vertu," is the reply to Joan's questioning. Here it is God who speaks, in the first person, through the medium of Mme Gervaise. This part, balancing and climaxing the first, is much more interesting and very successful as poetry, but my point here is that Joan of Arc would not be driven to action, let alone heroic action, until she had reverently listened to her Creator, and to Mme Gervaise. A footnote or a short paragraph should have informed the reader about this. Perhaps the publishers did not want to frighten off a public pickled in Maxwell Anderson.

The translator is Julian Green, one of the very best French novelists. I suppose he is being conventionally modest in his preface when he writes that "to give an English equivalent of Péguy's style is almost impossible." He is wrong; the translation is exactly like the French. He also tells us that "the man in the streets of Paris or Orléans is apt to speak exactly as Péguy wrote." Well, not quite.

RENÉ BLANC-ROOS

Books in Brief

LOUIS PASTEUR. By René J. Dubos. Little, Brown. $5. An excellent book by an eminent scientist. A brief biography is followed by chapters on the origin and chemical basis of life, the role of the microbe, the germ theory, public hygiene, and other subjects in which Pasteur pioneered.

WALTER LIPPMANN. A Study in Personal Journalism. By David Elliot Weingast. With an Introduction by Harold L. Ickes. Rutgers. $3. A lucid and impartial study of Lippmann as a man, as a writer, and as a molder of public opinion. To scrutinize and republish the pronunciamientos of a political commentator over a period of eighteen years is a kind of intellectual bear-baiting. But even granting the vulnerability of the newspaper oracle, Mr. Lippmann emerges from the ordeal by analysis considerably more disheveled that one might have anticipated.

THE JEWS. Their History, Culture, and Religion. Edited by Louis Finkelstein. Harper. Two Volumes, $12. More than thirty scholars have contributed chapters to this formidable, fourteen-hundred-page work. Of especial interest is its analysis of the effect of Jewish culture and learning on the West.

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THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION. By Archie Robertson. Houghton Mifflin. $3. A free-and-easy, anecdotal report on some of the outward aspects of revivalism and popular religion in America, particularly during the last quarter-century.

THE THIRD KING. By Fletcher Pratt. Sloane. $4. A confusing chronicle of medieval Denmark, written in the urgent style of a historical romance. The fragmentation of the Middle Ages makes much of its history a continuous grouping and regrouping of unstable elements—a morass in which the specialist gropes and the amateur flounders. Mr. Pratt, who has successfully dealt with Napoleon, the Civil War, and the Marines, may fairly be said to have lost his skirmish with King Valdemar.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

THE new work by Ernest Bloch, his Concerto Symphonique, which Ansermet performed with the N. B. C. Symphony and the pianist Corinne Lacomblé, was very disappointing. I got the impression of a lack of the real vital impulse which once had produced a flow of living substance, and heard instead a mere style—a proclamatory style that was kept going at wearying length by an expert and resourceful technique.

Another example of this was the two movements of Gustav Mahler's uncompleted Symphony No. 10, which were broadcast over N. B. C. by Fritz Mahler and the Erie Philharmonic. The Mahler diffuseness is one thing when it is produced by an active, inventive and interesting mind brimming over with ingenious ideas; but it is another and ghastly thing when one hears the struggle of a mind empty of ideas to fill in the canvas on the same gigantic scale with dead stylistic mannerisms.

Bartok's last work, the Concerto for Viola, which he left with much of it written in a personal shorthand from which his friend Tibor Serly constructed the complete score, was performed by Ansermet with the N. B. C. Symphony and William Primrose. Like some other late works of Bartok it is a mixture: a first movement in a musical language I don't understand, but with an accessible and lovely close; an equally accessible and beautiful slow movement; and an engaging finale using folksong-like material. I doubt that Bartok would have liked Primrose's luxuriant style of performance; but I think the playing of the orchestra under Ansermet would have pleased him. And there were brilliant performances of two of Liszt's better pieces, the Two Episodes after Lenau's "Faust"—the unfamiliar "Nocturnal Procession" and the well-known "Dance in the Village Inn" or "Mephisto Waltz."

Schönberg's Quartet No. 3, which was played by the Juilliard String Quartet, impressed me as his advanced music does whenever I hear it. I am aware of tremendous powers operating in it, including the mental power and personal force one is aware of in the bitterly and angrily twisted things he says about his music and the public's attitude; but of these powers operating, in the music as in the statements, in a fanatically eccentric and perverse private world miles removed from reality. The vehemence of the Juilliard Quartet's playing, and even the stridency of the first violin's tone, might be considered suitable to this music; but I found them unpleasant in Schubert's Quartettsatz.

Before the last war RCA Victor issued here the European recording of Beethoven's Sonata Opus 102 No. 1 played by Casals and Horszowski; but it never issued the recording of their performance of No. 2; and I didn't hear it until now, when I was able to listen to one of the French pressings imported by Elaine Music Shop (English pressings being no longer available). The surfaces are quite noisy, but not enough, with treble reduced, to spoil the effect of the work, particularly the wonderful slow movement, and of Casals's playing—such marvelous details as his phrasing of the cello's comments on the piano's statements in the third section of the slow movement (side 4), or his first announcement of the theme of the fugue (side 5). It is one of his greatest performances, and one that no music-lover should miss.

The Bach anniversary has led Victor to issue the Casals recordings of the Sonatas or Suites Nos. 4 and 5 for unaccompanied cello (DM-1302, 7 12"). When I heard No. 5 played by Luigi Silva some years ago I thought it the dullest of these dull works; but this time the opening Adagio as Casals played it was something tremendous, and I was impressed also by the Sarabande and the Gavotte II. As for the rest of No. 5 and all of No. 4, I would say what I said of the earlier recordings of the other four sonatas: "The life which these works have on these records is the life created by the coloring, the movement, the tensions of Casals's phrasing—not only the bold, powerful distention of the phrases of the vigorous movements . . . but the subtle inflection of quiet movements." But as a matter of fact I have been struck by the playing this time even more than then, and especially by Casals's tone—not by its purely sensuous quality, but by the quality of continuous life in it embodying the thinking of the music in Casals's mind. It seems to me now that his way of thinking the music and presenting it as he thinks it is beyond anything I have heard from a player of a string instrument.

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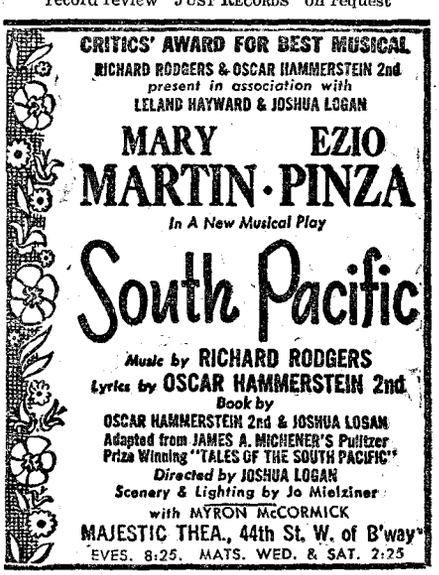
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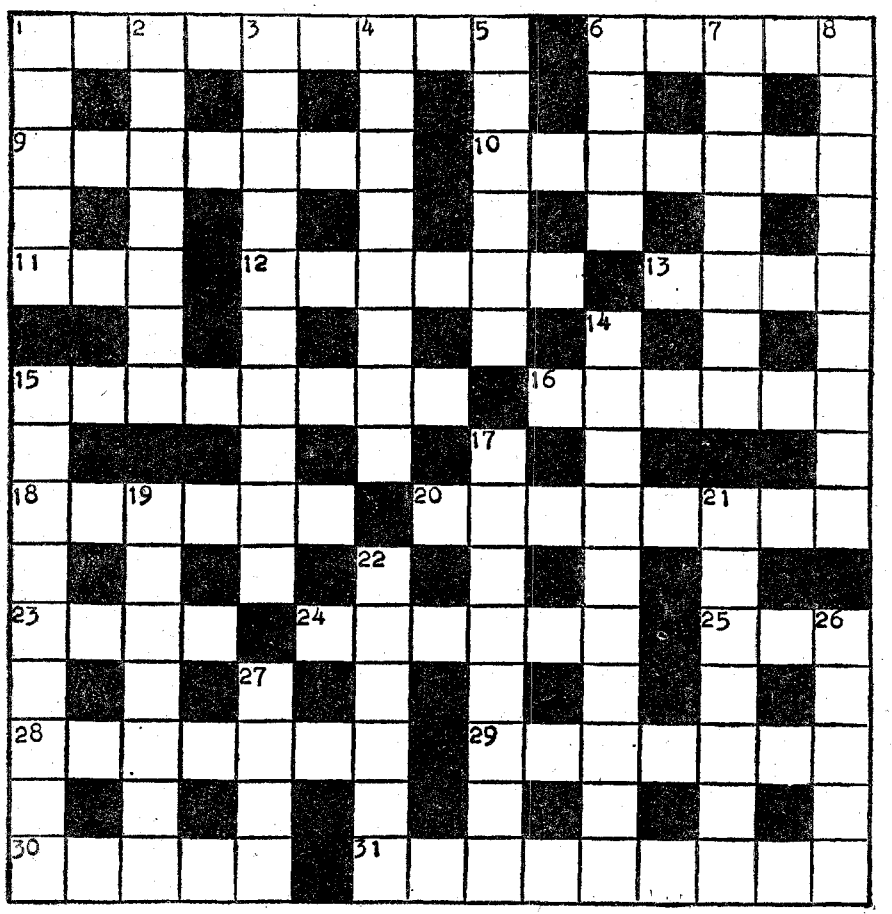

ACROSS

1 and 15 down. The whole shootin' match! (4, 5, 3, 6)
6 Indicated ungrammatically I'm an insect. (5)
9, 27, 17. In demand—it is not 7. (7, 4, 3, 5)
10 If it is, it's poetry. (7)
11 It would be inhuman not to. (3)
12 It is suggested by the din. (6)
13 Beginning of an agrarian revolt in India. (4)
15 This little star does not twinkle. (8)
16 See 26 down.
18 The doctor has and takes too much water. (6)
20, 19 down. Royal contumely? (8, 2, 5)
23 Curved scar. (4)
24 Cut capers on a typewriter. (6)
25 Sounds like need of resinous substance. (3)
28 There's tin in the old rake. (7)
29 and 6 down. One straight and one obliquely. (7, 4)
30 Classical cause of amnesia. (5)
31 Definitely not a have-not, but extremely poor. (9)

DOWN

1 Thread from Ellis Island. (5)
2 He gets the blame. (7)
3 Girl is then on the skids. (10)
4 Roasting in the chapel. (8)
5 The Indians said early settlers were long before these. (6)
6 See 29.
7 and 8. Wall Street dope? (1, 4, 2, 3, 6)
14 Treat like a brother. (10)
15 See 1 across.
17 See 9.
19 See 20.
21 He warned against over-population. (7)
22 Peek! (6)
26, 16. His Beatitudes were choral. (5, 6)
27 See 9 across.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 350

ACROSS:—1 and 27 SPEAK SOFTLY AND CARRY A BIG STICK; 9 ICICLES; 11 SHRIMP; 12 LAUNCHES; 14 ANTONIO; 15 VIRTU; 17 TABER; 19 STAPLER; 25 SUCCESS.

DOWN:—1, 23, 21 SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT; 2 ERITREA; 3 KILOMETER; 4 OUSE; 5 TUSCARORAS; 6 YENAN; 7 NEITHER; 8 AGES; 13 ANESTHESIA; 15 VILLAGERS; 16 UNION JACK; 18 BRECCIA; 20 ROSSINI; 21 TASK; 22, 26 and 10 I HEAR AMERICA SINGING; 24 SARI.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York

Letters to the Editors

Obligation and Opportunity

Dear Sirs: In a society already perfectly democratic it would be absurd and unnecessary to ask for cooperation in the observance of Brotherhood Week [February 19-26]. There is something pathetically ridiculous about the fact that one must make a plea for the fundamental human decencies. The fact is, however, that we are living in an imperfect human society, but fortunately one that is educable and free. Racial intolerance and racial snobbishness in the United States are frequently matters of unthinking habit and provincial ignorance.

There is a wonderful fund of essential good-will and sense of fair play about the average man and woman in America. Often all people need is a reminder of how unwittingly they have become the victims of clichés and routine stereotypes about racial groups or how they have been victimized by subtle and insidious propaganda groups. A great many people, furthermore, do not realize how sinister are the implications of even mild social discrimination.

The writers and editors of this country have an enormous but in essence a simple job of education. Brotherhood Week is a convenient and important occasion for dramatizing these matters, and it is an obligation of the press to use this week for the reiteration of mutual tolerance—or rather mutual appreciation—on which in the long run, freedom in so racially miscellaneous a country as ours depends.

IRWIN EDMAN

New York, February 10

Congressmen at Play

Dear Sirs: Not a few of us here at the Polytechnic Institute were most happy to read your comments concerning the travels of the elected representatives of the American people. [Congressmen at Large, *The Nation*, November 26.] Our faculty was recently host to the members of the House Committee on Labor and Education when they arrived in San Germán on a tour of investigation. In general we were extremely disappointed with our guests, as were many Puerto Ricans. But perhaps we had expected too much from politi-

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cians. Yet is it too much to ask of members of a Congressional committee that they remain sober while conducting their investigation?

We had expected that our American representatives would show some interest in our problems and we were prepared to share our experiences with them. The expected questions never came. Somehow they left us with the feeling that they were really not interested in the people of Puerto Rico. Generally, they lacked good manners, and the wives who came along were not much help. Most of them acted as though they were attending a Washington cocktail party, and in this most Spanish part of the island the effect wasn't too good. When it came to courtesy and good manners and graciousness, the Puerto Ricans were way out in front.

We who work here with the Puerto Rican people want to be liked by them. It is a real job, of great importance to us. We don't like to have months and years of hard work washed away by a few people who are looking for a bit of a vacation after a hard session of Congress. (Signature withheld)

Polytechnic Institute, San Germán, Puerto Rico, January 30

For a Subsidized Theater

Dear Sirs: Many readers of *The Nation* will be interested to learn of the formation of the Civic Theater Committee. Its objective is to organize actors, writers, directors, and associated theater artists politically to achieve governmental subsidization which would increase employment opportunities, provide greater security, reduce production costs and ticket prices, and so forth. Inquiries should be addressed to me at 113 West 96th Street, New York 25.

SHIRLEY FINE, Secretary

New York, February 15

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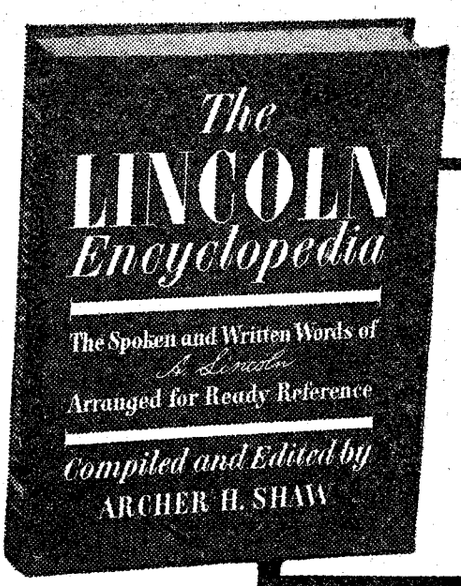

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